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MR. JOSEPH WETHERBEE.

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I.



THE story I am about to relate has been told in so many ways, by different people, that I have decided to present it to all who are curious or interested, in as literal and accurate a form as possible, and I would say at once that I have preserved the localities, as well as incidents, and changed only in some cases, and for obvious reasons, the names.

The person that I have called Mr. Joseph Wetherbee has slept for two years in the old cemetery at Richmond, Massachusetts, and, I may venture to say, not one of those who played any part in the little comedy or episode that I am about to narrate, would or could object to having it, for once, told exactly as it occurred.

That summer was a dull one, I remember, and after various attempts at a successful holiday I responded cordially to a suggestion of Latimer's that we take a drive in the Berkshires.

Now, Latimer is the sort of fellow who rushes at a thing and carries you with him. I had hardly given the subject five hours' consideration before—behold! we were whirling away towards Hillsdale, having driven from that city which commemorates, at least in name, the landing of the genial navigator, Hudson.

Glorious weather, the prospect as soon as we entered Massachusetts of a lovely coun-

try, as fine a pair of horses as were ever driven, and—Latimer's company! What more could one desire?

Those who don't know Latimer can hardly imagine the sort of gay and joyous comrade he is: his airy abandon, spontaneity; his quaint way of putting things, of making fun out of any kind of material, as well as of seeing the poetry in all things, are inimitable. I have frequently found myself roaring over a thing Latimer has said or done, which, when repeated, produced not the shadow of a smile, and yet I know it was originally irresistibly funny.

Latimer was unusually entertaining on this trip. We bowled along toward Great Barrington in fine style, my companion indulging in all sorts of oddities, talking every kind of nonsense to the people we met, introducing me to astonished and contemplative country folk as different celebrities, and producing sensations from which we were sometimes glad enough to escape. Finally (I recall the precise spot), he drew rein to ask of a pedestrian, in his very blindest tone:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but can you tell me where a Mr. Joseph Wetherbee lives?"

It was just where the road widens and turns in toward the town. The man stood still, thoughtfully regarding Latimer, whose face wore its most ingratiating smile.

"No," he answered. "Wetherbee, did you say?"

"Mr. Joseph Wetherbee," said Latimer.

"No," said the man; "I don't know any such person around here."

Latimer thanked him and we drove on a little further. He then repeated this inquiry of a man lounging over his own gate.

This person looked sharply at us, and said:

"Wetherbee! What does he do?"

I felt my companion's frame receive a shock, as, in quavering accents, he said gravely:

"He's a lawyer."

"No," said the man; "ain't no one by that name anywheres around."

"Who in the world is Mr. Joseph Wetherbee?" I asked, as we turned toward the long road dividing Great Barrington from Stockbridge.

"Haven't the ghost of an idea," answered Latimer gayly. "Thought perhaps there might be such a person."

And when I tell you that for a whole day afterward (we diverged from the Stockbridge road a little), Latimer kept asking for Mr. Joseph Wetherbee in the most unexpected places, startling him, as it were, out of oblivion every little while, and ringing all the changes on his occupation, residence, and his personal appearance, you can, in some degree, understand Latimer's fashion of doing things of this kind.

Somehow, for a short time, we forgot Mr. Joseph Wetherbee entirely. In that land of fair delights, the keenest joke must lose its flavor, as the hills and valleys unfold their charm and move one's more serious nature to a longing after some poet's or painter's power to record the varying and enchanting vision of the Berkshires.

The second afternoon saw us again nearing Stockbridge, whose sober, and yet verdant, associations thrilled us as we saw the beautiful town street beyond the Glendale road. I was quite absorbed in thoughts of the old town, when Latimer said:

"By George, we're in for a thunder shower!"

Sure enough, the bosom of the hills and the joyous valley were full of cloud shadows; the sky was suddenly dark and luridly aglow in spots.

We were luckily not far from the good inn of the town; nearer, however, was the rather neglected entrance to a private place, and just as we were preparing to take shelter as

speedily as possible, a curious thing happened.

Down the road in the rear, a man on horseback came clanking along, and as soon as he was within speaking distance, he shouted out:

"Say, sir; look here sir—"

We paused and looked out upon the man, who hurried along, still talking.

"Is you the gentleman as was inquiring for Mr. Wetherbee?"

I might have known there was no likelihood that Latimer would avoid this chance for fun.

"Why, yes," he said gravely and as though he felt much relieved.

"Well," said the man; "that's all right, then; he's expecting you, and there, you're just at the gate."

II.

EVEN after the lapse of nearly six years, I cannot fully understand how it came about that we were the next moment turning in that neglected gateway and following the man, who pushed his horse rapidly ahead of us, I suppose, to herald our approach.

The thunder shower doubtless gave us a certain impetus; but, after all, there was something so fantastic in having found Mr. Joseph Wetherbee, something so startling in the fact that he was expecting us, that the name conjured up out of Latimer's vagrant imagination had taken form and stood revealed as an identity, that, with a grim laugh, we followed fate and the anxious horseman, and drove on.

"Isn't this a go?" whispered Latimer. "We'll have to make some sort of excuse, of course. Only fancy really finding someone you never looked for! Joseph Wetherbee. I declare, Morris, I feel as if I were some one in a comedy."

"Or, perhaps, a tragedy," I added.

For, in truth, it might be that we should find ourselves mourners.

After a short drive up a really good avenue, well shaded by maples and elms, we found ourselves in the pelting rain before a rambling stone house, that stood upon a terrace, and had a curving wing, and a noteworthy gable end and observatory, the residence of our Wetherbee.

We certainly were expected. The door

was opened almost before we had stopped. A fine-looking man servant came forward, frowning, as the rain beat upon his elderly figure, and assisted us down, while our horses were taken away and we were ushered into a large, dim hall, with doors on every side.

"Miss Kate's to see you first, sir," the man said, evidently in doubt as to which one of us she expected, but, opening a door to the right, he motioned us to enter.

The room was a long, old-fashioned parlor. Everything in it betokened comfort of the solid kind. The furniture, which was substantial, had been made half a century before. There were engravings on the wall, and some fine portraits. There were books, and, in every possible place, flowers arranged, evidently by some one who cared for them: bowls of roses, and tall vases of gay, old-fashioned blossoms, and even saucers, with little tender wood flowers resting on a bed of green.

At the lower end of the room, a young lady was standing, and, as we entered, she turned swiftly, her pretty face aglow with anxiety and eagerness; and, coming forward, she presented to my astonished gaze, the features and form of Miss Kate Follette, a girl I had known for three years as a mere society acquaintance. Of late, I had heard much of her as the "not impossible she" with whom my friend, Phil. Darrell, was madly in love.

"Mr. Morris!" she exclaimed in astonishment, but, recovering herself, she added:

"Oh, I beg of you to go to him at once; he is dreadfully annoyed that you were not here before. By a mere chance, I heard that you were trying to find the house. Oh, I beg that you will not keep him waiting."

"But, Miss Follette!" I began, feeling desperate, "there is a mistake—I—"

"No, no," she insisted; "there can't be, if you manage rightly. I can understand your coming perfectly, and that it must be rather embarrassing for you. But no one, I know, had more tact than you, when you chose. Oh, *do not wait!* Joyce" (this to the servant), "show Mr. Morris up to Mr. Wetherbee. Oh, Mr. Morris!" she added, as I was leaving, casting a look that words cannot describe upon Latimer, "*Don't* make him any angrier than you can help, but be firm."

Now, it is all very well to tell a man to be firm, but I would at that moment have suffered myself to be considered the merest of poltroons, if I could have extricated myself from the dilemma into which Latimer's nonsense had forced me. With a bewildered feeling that the whole thing couldn't be real and must soon be ended, I followed the servant, leaving Latimer, with his airiest smile, to explain matters to Miss Follette.

Vainly did I try to find out from the servant what it all meant. The man was deaf and cross, and paid no heed to my rush of words, but led me up stairs, down one or two corridors, to a door, where he knocked sharply.

A shrill voice said, "Come in"; and, obeying the summons, I found myself in a large room full of all manner of "specimens" standing in the midst of which was a little old gentleman, who looked like one of his own collection, with an infusion of life-blood and a great deal of nervous activity in his composition. He adjusted his spectacles and regarded me with sarcastic and searching expression.

"Well, sir," he said sharply, "why didn't you come straight to the place, may I inquire, without asking every man, woman, and child for me? Joyce, if you like a draught go outside and take it with you; don't stand in that door, I tell you."

Had we, indeed, conjured up a Joseph Wetherbee? I almost laughed aloud, but I contrived to murmur something intended to be polite.

"As for your friend, Mr. Darrell," the old gentleman continued, still sharpening all his words, until they seemed like so many pins, "I can well understand his preferring an emissary. I tell you, sir, I don't believe one word of his story; not one, sir! and my niece, Kate, is as great a fool as her mother was, sir, before her."

It began to dawn upon me that there was a complication in Darrell's love affairs, which I might remedy; so I again made some polite reply, and awaited further developments. The old gentleman, pacing an unoccupied strip of the floor, went on:

"It is the third time it has happened, sir, and I did wrong not to kick the young puppy out of the house the last time he was here. And what confounded nonsense he

talks. Pray tell me, sir, if you can, what he means by desiring two weeks from yesterday?"

In strong emergencies, one can do a great deal of rapid thinking in a miraculously short space of time. I occupied, perhaps, one minute and a half in reviewing all that I knew of Darrell's affairs. The prominent points seemed to me his poverty, his aristocratic lineage, his cleverness in the profession of journalism, which he had recently adopted, his popularity, all dominated by his great admiration of Miss Follette.

Could I remember what it was that had hindered his suit? Dimly there came to my mind a remembrance of his telling me that Miss Follette had a most unmanageable guardian, who refused his consent; yet something, I knew, was back of this; but all the thinking I could do would not aid my memory. There was nothing to be done but to venture some kind of an answer.

"As for the two weeks," I said, rather loftily, "that seems to me a very trifling matter, if you only look at it in the right way, and take Darrell's position into consideration."

I began to wonder whether I was all on the wrong track, for the face of my host expressed great surprise.

"Mr. Darrell's life," I went on, "has been, in some respects, different from that of other men."

Might it not be as well to gain time by launching into a sort of biography of Darrell?

"Of course," I continued, seating myself and fingering a paper cutter of curious form on the table near me, "of course, you know how he was brought up, under the strict surveillance of his stepfather, whose will was most peculiar."

My companion's thin, ivory-white countenance lighted suddenly. He stopped short and looked at me eagerly.

"That is the very thing," he said. "Why the deuce does he keep certain conditions of that will to himself. And when I send to New York for a copy of it, there are all sorts of abominable delays, sir. I wish to understand it, and I will."

Thank fortune that I had proceeded no further in my narrative. I hastened to veer about:

"But there is this to be considered," I said, smiling persuasively: "It is certain that Darrell loves your niece madly, and she him. Now, what possible reason can there be for keeping them apart? That is the question I am here to-day to ask."

It was a bold step, but the position was desperate; for, instead of answering, as I had hoped he would do, the old gentleman nearly broke the table in front of me with a bang of his hand.

"That's my business, sir," he said, sharply.

"But is it not Darrell's, too?" I added, feeling guilty of a gross impertinence in arguing with a stranger a vital domestic question.

"Surely," I continued, "Mr. Darrell has a right to make that inquiry; and have I not the right to do so for him?"

Had he said, "No, sir," and promptly ejected me from his old room, I would not have been surprised; but his next words were only perplexing.

"It's the reason for the delay that I object to."

I thought, should I stake all and say what delay, or temporize a little further?

"But your consent is the first thing," I insisted. "Without that, what can they do?"

A loud peal from a gong sounded, and instantly Mr. Joseph Wetherbee began to look more cheerful.

"There," he exclaimed, "that is the first bell for supper. Of course, you will stay here for the night. This matter must be discussed further."

"Thank you," said I; but we are going on to Lenox, and I can easily come over to-morrow morning. I have a friend with me."

"Well, well," he said testily; "just as you like. I suppose you saw my niece below?"

"Miss Follette and I are old friends," I answered. "I shall be glad to see her again."

With a feeling of the most intense relief, I bowed myself out of the long, dim room, and fairly rushed down stairs.

I had hoped that Latimer had made all clear; but I felt my doubts when I entered the parlor, and encountered Miss Follette's anxious gaze. It was certain that Latimer had, at all events, been making himself

agreeable. It was a sort of satisfaction to turn the tables on Latimer, and so, with the utmost gravity, I approached Miss Follette, and said, in the most encouraging tone:

"Miss Follette, I feel quite sure it will all be right. But I must ask a favor of you: Will you kindly tell me, or let me know" (I half lowered my tone) "what the *delay* is your uncle refers to? and, also, may I take my friend, Mr. Latimer into my confidence?"

Miss Follette opened her charming brown eyes widely.

"The delay?" she said. "Why, don't you know? Didn't Phil.—Mr. Darrell—explain it to you?"

I was just about to make a clean breast of the whole thing when the door opened and Mr. Wetherbee entered. I took much pleasure in presenting Latimer to him and observing the agony that individual went through in keeping his countenance, and then I announced the necessity for our departure. The storm had cleared away. Our horses were already being brought around.

"I have promised to call to-morrow," I said, still gleeful over Latimer's surprise, "and must say good-bye until then."

I held my hand out. As Miss Follette took it, she murmured, in a half aside:

"You know Miss Carew? I hear she is at Lenox. If you find her there, explain the situation to her."

Miss Carew. Did I know Miss Carew? For one moment, the long room, the figures before me, everything seemed in a sort of mist before my eyes, out of which other scenes and figures rose, shaping themselves with dexterous clearness.

I was not in the parlor of Mr. Joseph Wetherbee's house at Stockbridge. I was in a garden on the Thames, in England. It was twilight. Everywhere there was a fragrance of June flowers. Overhead, the stars were beginning to appear, and before me a girl was standing with eyes and face down-cast, and lips that seemed tremulous with the words she could not utter. I could see again every line of her lithe young figure; the curve of her brow, and cheek, and chin; the pale gold tints of her hair, as the wind stirred the little waves about her brow; the fashion of her white gown; the damask roses drooping in her belt. Did I know

Miss Carew? I spoke at last, coming back to the present, with its odd complication:

"I will certainly find her," I said, letting Miss Follette's small fingers shrink away from my grasp; and, after that, I was only too glad to get away and be once more driving in the open country.

III.

"Was there ever anything so absurd?" cried Latimer at my side. "By Jove! we're well out of it."

"That is just what we're not," I answered grimly, and proceeded to relate my conversation up stairs with our friend Joseph. I thought Latimer would rouse all Stockbridge with his laughter.

"It's the best thing I've heard in many a long day," he said finally. "So that was old Wetherbee's trouble, was it? Well, certainly, we'll stick to Joseph now," and he elaborated various plans, as we smoked our pipes that night at the Stockbridge hotel.

I let him talk. It seemed to me that I could neither plan nor think coherently until we were in Lenox and I had found Nora Carew. One thing we both decided upon: to send Darrell an explanatory telegram.

We spent half an hour writing it. At last, it was sufficiently brief and lucid for our purpose, which was simply to acquaint Darrell with the fact of our presence and inclination to assist matters. Before we were awake appeared Darrell's answer:

Excellent! well done. Keep things going for two weeks. See Miss Carew at the Curtis House, Lenox. My letter explains.

The morning was superb. We were off by ten o'clock, driving briskly around by the lake, bluey set in the most vivid circle of green, with the late September colors glowing on the hilltop and fringing the shore with sumac red and yellow, like spots of flame in the verdant leafage all about it; out past the curve of the road to Lee; along the "King's highway," with its glorious view of valley land sweeping to the right; and into old Lenox town, the fashionable activity of which was just waking up.

In the first five minutes, Latimer had recognized half a dozen friends, and I nearly as many.

"There go the Byron girls," he said jubi-

lantly, "and Jo Fisher, and little Schemorn! Ah, here we are at ye ancient Curtis hostelry!"

Latimer threw the reins to a vigilant hostler, and we alighted.

We old habitués of Lenox know the place well: the blooming town, with its shaded roads, its fair upland, its concentration of elegance and culture and distinction. I always think, however, of what Miss Carew once said, speaking of her Aunt Miss Schemorn's devotion to it:

"I never venture upon Lenox, unless I have all my prejudices neatly docketed and arranged for constant use."

Going into the parlor, with its deep-set windows and heavy furniture, we found a wood fire crackling on the hearth and around it a very characteristic circle.

A young man was making a call upon two pretty girls, with clear-cut features and severely elegant cloth gowns. An elderly lady, with a tired though interested manner, sat near by, and the quartette talked in an epigrammatic way that would have been delightful, had it not been so very local. In and out of the bright room came others. As we stood in the upper window, we saw a riding party go gayly off, a dozen stately turnouts passed to and fro, before a servant announced that Mrs. Schemorn would be very glad to see us in her parlor.

"Of course we must tell Miss Carew the whole story," said Latimer, as we neared the door, "and I think, Morris, you'd better do it while I talk to the old lady."

I have never ceased rejoicing that, at this moment, a sudden summons came to Latimer from the office. Something had gone wrong with one of the horses, and he had to leave me to meet Miss Carew alone.

As Latimer vanished, a clear voice bade me enter. Miss Carew was standing by the chimney piece, her eyes upon the door. She was alone.

Looking at her, it seemed to me, as it had many times before, that it would be impossible to find anything fairer or more womanly than this young girl, whose sincere gray eyes were beaming their welcome, the curve of whose proud, but gentle, lips hinted at a ready smile. The smile came, as she put out her hand, laying it lightly in mine.

"So you are here," she said quietly, and yet I do not think I was wrong in fancying

there was a deepening of the pale pink of her cheeks.

"Yes," I said, "if I had known you were here, I would have come in any case. As it is, this is one of the happy surprises of my life. I did not even know you were home. I hope I am welcome."

Nora laughed and looked down at the fire.

"Were you not always welcome?" she said lightly. "I am sure my aunt will be delighted to see you. She will be here in a moment."

I made some stupid answer, and then I again looked at her critically. It was just one year since we had met; and, even to my searching gaze, there seemed no change. It was the same brilliant and queen-like girl that had been so much admired in London two seasons ago; and I believed her the same Nora Carew that had been so childishly happy with me one memorable day on the river.

Nothing could have been prettier or more finished than her costume of soft, gray wool, with its various dull silver ornaments, every detail beautifully harmonious; and when I met the frank, unclouded glance of those gray eyes, heard the fresh and healthful tones of her voice, watched the freedom and grace of her movements, and felt the firm, true grasp of her honest hand, I thought of her as the woman I believed in and loved.

"I have come here on a strange errand," I said presently, compelled to remember the claims of Joseph Wetherbee. "Latimer is with me. You remember him, of course? Now prepare for the most absurd story you can imagine."

Nora's joyous laugh interrupted me half a dozen times before I had finished.

"This is delightful!" she exclaimed. And then, with an air of disappointment, she added, "Oh dear! I wish I could be entirely frank with you. Phil. wrote you to come to me. But still, Mr. Morris, I think it is best not to tell you *why* he delays. Can't you trust me to work with you?"

Here Nora looked at me with a most suppliant glance.

"And I will gladly tell you," she added, "the story of their engagement. I suppose Miss Follette would have no objection?"

I said that I felt sure of that, and then Nora told me the story. Darrell, it appeared, had acted in rather an eccentric manner.

When he first met Miss Follette, he plainly showed his admiration.

"You remember the Barlow quadrille party?" Nora said. "How he acted there! Every one had supposed he was in love with Dolly Stuyvesant; but that very evening he assured me that Kate Follette was the only girl he had ever really cared for. Well, it went on, as such things do, you know, in New York. He had ample opportunity for seeing her, as she was spending the winter with the Jorrances, and as Philip is Mr. Jorrance's Fides Achates, you can imagine that he favored the suit.

"Between the Tennis club and the assemblies, and riding parties, and dinners, and luncheons, and those carpet dances the Mays got up, they were together nearly all the time; and, just before the season was over, he offered himself and was accepted. I cannot tell you the details of a talk they had soon after; however, although confessing himself as much in love as ever, I must say Phil's behavior was most peculiar. Kate had to join her uncle, and they came here in June. Over and again, Philip planned to come up here and see them both, but as many times he has failed to appear."

Miss Carew paused and looked at me in some perplexity.

"Then," said I, "those are the delays the old gentleman referred to?"

"Exactly," she answered, smiling; "and, to tell the truth, I don't, in the least, blame Mr. Wetherbee for finding fault."

"What do you blame him for?" I asked.

"Oh," said she, with a well-assumed air of indifference, "nothing so very especial. But now, Mr. Morris, I think you and I can do these young people a great service by tiding over these two weeks. Oh, here are my aunt and Mr. Latimer! How did you find each other?"

IV.

I FANCIED Nora was rather glad of the interruption. At all events, she welcomed Latimer with her most cordial manner, while I went through the usual formalities with Mrs. Schemorn. That lady and I had always been good friends, chiefly because, in spite of many of my Bohemian ways and associations, I could not deny the fact that I was a Morris, of the Boston Morris, and whatever glamour family tradition

can cast, even over a degenerate son, I was entitled to; for, as a family, we unquestionably had a history, a background, consisting of all sorts of things, from good fire-places in our old houses to stories of beauty and bravery in the early days of colonial history, and the most intense belief in ourselves as a family to-day.

Good Mrs. Schemorn, however, sighed a great deal over my making so little of all these treasures of the past. I confessed freely to a greater weakness for the fire-places and our few bits of good furniture than for anything else, but I always promised Mrs. Schemorn to try and mend my ways of thought and feeling, and increase my influence.

She, herself, was one of those ample elderly ladies, that seem exactly fitted for such a station in life as was hers. All the good things of earth, I believe, had come to her, and that she was not more worldly-minded redounded greatly to her credit, for she could not, except by instinct, be supposed to sympathize in any way with people who needed the social goods of this world.

There was no touch of snobbery about her. She did not belong to that class of women in her own "set," who consider that good form consists in haughty exclusiveness and a manner that is an ill-bred mixture of insolence and stupid conventionality. Her dignity was too well grounded to need such poor bulwarks as a disagreeably chilling manner and a rush at the newest fashion in dress, or phrases or form of entertainment.

"Well, my dear young friend," said Mrs. Schemorn, in her large way, and holding out her fair hand, with its queer rings, "I am glad you found us out; but you were a long time doing it."

Nora telegraphed to me, with a quizzical look, to say nothing to her aunt of our quest; so I entered into a general discussion of the Lenox season, the beauties of the country, and other conventional subjects. I complimented her on her excellent looks, and she said that there was no use in Americans being so unhealthy, or, rather, run down.

"When I came home," she said, sitting down near the fire and guarding her face from the too genial glow with a feather screen, "I was simply horrified to find every

one I knew in such an enervated condition. I inquired of my numerous invalid friends *why* young Mrs. Baldwin, for instance, a girl I remember as the very picture of robust health—"Why is it, my dear," I asked her, "all you young people, and many of the older ones, are simply exhausted? Now," said I, "there must be a *reason*; there is a reason for everything on earth." Mary Baldwin said she didn't know; she had had malaria for two years, but thought herself over it. I told her I believed all the people here had either malaria or nervous prostration; one was just about as bad as the other; but there must be a cause, and must be a remedy. Now, I know just what it is: Indigestion and over-excitement. The American man and woman must learn two things, or the race will be hopelessly degenerate: How to eat and how to keep still. Look at the girls you meet here! They rush madly about all winter, using up vital force and what brain power they possess on excitement and fashion, and then, instead of recuperating in the summer, they must come and turn this place into a country edition of New York and Boston. Nora, how many kettledrums have we been to?"

Nora laughed and remarked that, though she hoped she would run no risk of either malaria or nervous prostration, she certainly must make some calls that afternoon.

"Actually," continued Mrs. Schemorn, "the girls here help one another to fulfill social duties by taking their cards around and leaving them at places. The system is entirely wrong."

"All the same," remarked Nora, rising and looking from Latimer to me, "I am going to make some of that very kind of calls, and take these gentlemen with me, if they will go."

"Well, you're not a nervous prostrate as yet," said Mrs. Schemorn, who admired her niece intensely; "and I don't think you ever will be, but I should not like to see you dance through a whole winter and summer, as those Willis girls do."

We had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Schemorn, while Miss Carew was preparing for our expedition.

V.

WHEN she returned to the little parlor in the most bewitching of out-door garments,

she said that she had concluded that one of us would like to drive, and so she had ordered the ponies and her own carriage. As soon as we were well away on the old Stockbridge road, Miss Carew unfolded some of her plans.

"As I told you," she said, "we must tide over these two weeks, and, above all things, keep Mr. Wetherbee's mind diverted and impressed by the fact that everybody knows of the engagement; that it is undeniably an accomplished fact. Now, I am going out to-day in the character of gossip," she added, smiling up at me, "and you two must help me out. I want to impress upon every one the fact that they ought to call. You may hint that I mean to have a sort of breakfast party for the *fiancés*, and that Mr. Wetherbee will doubtless give one."

"Will he?" says Latimer from behind us. "Will he, though?"

"Oh, I will manage that. For the next two weeks I am going to devote myself to Mr. Wetherbee, I assure you; and, when the time comes, there is no doubt he will agree to the party; but," she added suddenly, "he must make friends first."

"Then he isn't an old inhabitant?"

"No," said Nora; "I believe he belongs in Richmond."

"And what is his occupation?" said Latimer, gayly recalling the question that had so astonished him the day before.

"He is—well, let us say a *diletante*," said Miss Carew, after a moment's reflection. "His interests, I must tell you, are those of an anxious connoisseur. He wishes to be considered a good judge of art and bric-a-brac, and of everything—but literature. Still, he is not averse to hearing others criticise his favorite authors, and, above all, the lore of Lenox is dear to him."

"You have mistaken your vocation, Miss Carew," said Latimer. "You ought to have been a diplomatist."

"I wish I could carry out this mission successfully," she responded. "Now, we must go in here, Mr. Morris; you know the Soames, of course. This is our first call."

And very pleasant it proved. First of all, some moments were occupied by the two Misses Soames in rallying me on my summer seclusion, while Miss Carew talked to their mother and Latimer engrossed the beautiful Mrs. Peter Soames, Jr.

Nora, I observed, introduced the Wetherbee question very adroitly.

"I am so delighted that Kate Follette is here," she said, glancing around at the company in general. "Mr. Morris and Mr. Latimer are going to stay up for a fortnight, and we intend to have fine doings to celebrate her engagement. Haven't you called yet? Don't you know her uncle, Mr. Wetherbee?"

"No," said Mrs. Soames, who was immediately alert and anxious. "I wonder if he is any relation to the Baltimore Wetherbees? You know, Mary?" This was to Mrs. Peter, Jr.

"No, we don't know him. Where is his place?"

"Oh, near Stockbridge," said Nora, with a suspicious kind of calm. "Mr. Morris and Mr. Latimer had a most interesting call there yesterday. Mr. Wetherbee has quite a fine collection of antiques. You really must go soon. You ought not to be last in making your felicitations!" and Nora laughed. "We are all so fond of Phil. Darrell, I'm sure we ought to make quite a gala time of this period of his life."

Mrs. Soames was thoroughly roused.

"In Stockbridge, did you say, my dear?" she asked.

"Yes; you know the old Baxter place."

"No, I don't."

"Oh, well, any of the people about can direct you. Dear Kate Follette! It is so seldom that one can thoroughly congratulate two people upon being engaged."

It was in this fashion that, during the course of the day, Miss Carew artfully contrived to set her ball rolling, a result of which was that when, at four o'clock, we all went over to Mr. Wetherbee's, we found at least half a dozen society people in Miss Follette's drawing-room, and, much to Nora's joy, the little, sharp old gentleman, was standing in the midst of a group, talking quickly and brightly.

Mrs. Schemorn descended upon and chained him for fifteen minutes; congratulated him upon his niece's engagement; held forth about Phil. Darrell's popularity, and ended by kissing Miss Follette on both cheeks.

"They do this sort of thing better abroad than we do, my dear Mr. Wetherbee," she said pleasantly. "They make their engage-

ments charming by little *fltes* and social gatherings. It is delightfully picturesque."

Miss Follette glanced at her uncle, who was very much pleased, it was evident, by Mrs. Schemorn's manner; and, for my own part, I had never seen the dear old dowager more agreeable. In and out of the general conversation, she kept up the thread of her own pet topics, and very soon I heard her explaining her theories about nervous prostration and malaria to Mr. Wetherbee's willing ears.

The Soames were there, Mrs. Peter, Sr., still being in some doubt about the social standing of Mr. Wetherbee; but Sidney Falkner, the young novelist of the day, set her right. He added that he was well acquainted with the place.

Nora overheard this remark, and I saw her cheeks flush a little with apprehension.

Mrs. Schemorn was in the act of asking Mr. Wetherbee to take us to the museum. Just as Falkner's lips opened to speak, Nora suddenly attracted his attention by asking him whether he really meant our friend, Mrs. DeCourcy, in his "Mrs. Littleton-Little."

Thereupon Falkner branched off, explaining his ideas, and methods; and, as soon as possible, Nora said apart to me:

"Mr. Morris, *do* prevent their going up to the museum."

But it couldn't be done, as Mrs. Schemorn and Mr. Wetherbee were already leading the way. She continued:

"You must keep Mr. Falkner busy. It will irritate Mr. Wetherbee beyond measure if he makes any allusions to Mr. Baxter's collection; for, I must admit, the collection is not Mr. Wetherbee's at all, but only one that he bought from Mr. Baxter."

"And the old boy plays it off as his!" said Latimer. "This is really too good! But, Miss Nora, is it fair and honorable to aid deception?"

"Oh," she laughed, "we need only protect Miss Follette from annoyance. We are not called upon, in any way to assist perjury."

Walking about the museum, when we entered it, was a tall, well-dressed young man, with a manner at once professional, and yet social, and possibly tinged with something that made one think of him as a detective; yet he also suggested the gentle-

men that earn their living by dining out, filling gaps at parties, standing about ornamentally in doorways, or waltzing divinely with partnerless girls.

I felt morally certain that this man was cut out for some just such niche in society. He was good looking in a way that repeats itself by the dozen: sleek, dark hair, indefinite features, dark eyes, and a slim, well-cut moustache. He seemed ready to efface himself, or to join in our little party; and, when Mr. Wetherbee said, in a shuffling voice, "Mr. Harvey Briggs," he came forward, apparently very well satisfied to diffuse himself.

"Mr. Briggs and I have been cataloguing the specimens," said the old gentleman, addressing every one in general and Mrs. Schemorn in particular. "I think, Briggs," he added, "you understand it all so well, you may as well show the thing off."

It was rather a fatal way of characterizing his really rare and beautiful collection of antiques, and it was at this moment I detected a look upon Sidney Falkner's well-bred countenance that amused me greatly. It was nothing so marked as a real elevation

of the brows, and yet it plainly said: "Oh, I see—I see." And I am convinced that he *did* see; for, after that, he needed no further check from Miss Carew, but amused himself very readily and quietly, moving about among the things with an air of one who knew them well, but could keep Mr. Wetherbee's secret if he chose. His way of picking up a medallion, holding it up to the light, etc., and laying it down again carefully, betrayed his own instincts, and I have always respected him for his forbearance, while the encyclopædiac Briggs went on "showing the thing off," Mr. Wetherbee following in his wake, occasionally repeating some of that erudite young man's statements. Once, being near Falkner, he just half glanced at me and said, in a suppressed sort of tone:

"Rather like our old friend, Mr. Boffin, isn't it, Morris?"

But Nora's beseeching eyes were upon us; and, even though her lips were ready enough to smile, we obeyed the mute appeal, and said no more. On the whole, the half hour in the old room was not uninteresting.

[CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]

BLUNDERS IN HEARING.

BY ARNOLD BURGESS JOHNSON.

"A BLUNDER is a mistake or error of the grossest kind. An error may be corrected or forgiven; a mistake may be rectified or overlooked; a blunder is always considered blamable, and usually exposes a person to shame and ridicule."—*Webster's Dictionary*.

"A blunder is worse than a crime."—*Talleyrand*.

IT may be rather severe to style aberrations in audibility blunders, if we are to accept the above definition, but let us look at some of them, their consequences, and consider how they were caused and how they might have been averted.

On the 6th of November, 1880, the steamer Rhode Island ran upon Bonnet Point, at the entrance from Long Island sound to Narragansett bay, and went to pieces. All the passengers were saved, but a million of dollars' worth of freight was lost, including the value of the steamer. The pilot's excuse was that the fog signal at Beaver Tail point,

a little less than two miles off, on which he relied, sounded so loudly that he supposed himself much nearer mid-channel than he was, and hence the wreck.

Take another case: About midnight on the night of May 12, 1881, the Galatea, a propeller steamer of something more than fifteen hundred tons burden, with a large list of passengers and a heavy load of valuable freight, running from New York to Providence, through Long Island sound in a dead calm and a dense fog, ran aground on Little Gull island, about six hundred yards from the light station, where a fog signal of the highest power was in full blast, making a sound which could be, and was, heard at Mystic, Conn., fifteen miles away in another direction, and was heard, as it was proved on official investigation, on other vessels at various distances and in various directions,

and on one in the same direction beyond the Galatea.

Her pilot claimed that he did not hear the fog signal that he almost ran his ship against, and boldly charged the accident to the failure of the fog signal keeper to operate the fog signal on that night; and this charge brought on the investigation, which proved that the signal was heard on the Galatea, but that the sound, as heard, was faint, and appeared to be a great way off, when really its source was close at hand.

Now, let us take a case or two on land. General Johnston, of the confederate (rebel) army, during the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, which occurred in June, 1862, was within three miles of the scene of action with a force, intending to attack the flank of the northern army, and, though listening intently for the sound of the commencement of the engagement, the battle, which was a severe one, and which lasted about three hours, ended without his having heard a single gun.

Again, General McClellan, during the battle of Gaines Mills, near Richmond, Va., on June 27th, 1862, with his staff, was within three or four miles of the battle field for four or five hours, and they were unaware of the fight; and, when their attention was called to some feeble sound, they had no idea that it was anything more than a skirmish of little importance.

Again, a skirmish was going on between a part of the second corps, under General Warren, and a force of the enemy. The sound of the firing was more distinctly heard at General Mead's headquarters than it was at the headquarters of the second corps itself, although the latter was about midway between the former and the point of conflict. Indeed, the sound appeared so near General Mead's camp that the impression was made that the enemy had gotten between it and General Warren's command.

It is hardly worth while to multiply instances. Many like these, though of various kinds, must occur to the reader, where, in each case, the person responsible for the error made it because he trusted to the evidence of his unassisted ears. Now, the question comes, is that evidence trustworthy? Or, rather, let us ask, is the hearer warranted in trusting implicitly in such evidence?

It is well known, and has been for a long time, that certain errors in hearing may occur, and this peculiarity has received the attention of practical, as well as theoretical, physicists for many years.

Dr. Derham, of England, writing in Latin to the British Philosophical Society, in 1708, seemed to consider it as caused by variations in temperature, moisture, and the direction of the wind. Baron von Humboldt, and after him Dr. Dove, Sir John Herschel, and Dr. Robinson, held that aerial flocculence caused this phenomenon, and Professor Tyndall adopted and amplified this theory.

Professor Joseph Henry, the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, however, presented a more satisfactory theory, and worked it out with great care by many experiments made during his connection with the Light House Board. He accepted, as a good working hypothesis, the suggestion made by Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, England, founded upon those remarkable observations of the French academician, M. de La Roche, which, roughly stated, is, that the several strata into which a current of air is divided do not move with the same velocity. The lowest stratum is retarded by friction against the earth; the one immediately above by friction against the lower; hence, the velocity increases from the ground upward; and, when the direction of the sound is perpendicular to the sound-wave, as when projected against the wind, it will be thrown upward ahead of the observer, and when it is projected with the wind, it will be thrown downward toward the earth.

Professor Henry tested this theory by careful and often repeated experiments, and formulated a statement as to five different phenomena, with his idea of the causes that originated them. They may be stated in this form:

First—The audibility of a sound at a distance and its inaudibility nearer the source of sound may be caused by the fact that sound, moving with the wind, is refracted or tilted down toward the earth, while sound moving against the wind is refracted or tilted upward, passing over the head of the observer.

Second—A sound may be inaudible in one direction, while a lesser sound is heard at the same distance in another direction.

Third—A sound may be audible at one

time at a distance of several miles, when at another, the sound cannot be heard at more than a fifth of the same distance.

Fourth—While a sound is generally heard farther with the wind than against it, in some instances the reverse is the case.

Fifth—A sound may be lost in passing from one locality to another in the same vicinity, the distance from the source of sound being the same.

Let us take an illustration or two of these phenomena: There are six steam fog signals on the coast of Maine. These are frequently heard at a distance of twenty miles, and as frequently cannot be heard at a distance of two miles, and this with no perceptible difference in the state of the atmosphere.

One of these powerful fog signals is often heard at a great distance in one direction, while in another it will be scarcely audible a mile away.

This is not caused by the wind blowing with or against the sound, as the sound is often heard much farther against the wind than with it, and besides, sound moves at the rate of seven hundred and fifty miles per hour, while the wind, moving one-hundredth of that rate, seven and one-half miles per hour, would only increase or retard its speed one per cent.

This has been especially noted in the case of the signal at Cape Elizabeth, on the coast of Maine, which can always be heard distinctly in Portland, which is nine miles off, during a heavy northeast snow storm, when the wind is blowing directly from Portland toward the signal.

It often occurs to a vessel leaving a port at which there is one of these great fog signals that the sound of the signal is suddenly lost, while yet within ordinary ear shot, and, after remaining inaudible for a while, is heard again at a greater distance, and then is gradually lost as the distance is increased.

This is attributed by Professor Henry to the sound-wave being tilted up by the wind, so that the sound passes over the head of the observer, and keeps an upward course, until it reaches the upper surface of the wind current, when the refraction is reversed, and the sound is tilted downward to the earth, when it can readily be heard by those within its influence. Or, the effect may be caused by a sound shadow, produced by refraction, which is gradually closed in at a distance by

the lateral spread of the sound-wave near the earth on either side, in a direction that is not affected by upper refraction.

Still another explanation may be found in the probability that the lower sheet of sound-beams are being actually refracted into a serpentine or undulatory course.

This ricocheting of sound, these intervals of audibility, this hearing and failing to hear a constant sound ought to be recognized as a possibility by those who base their action on the hearing of these sounds. The pilot who knows that he is exposed to such variation in his hearing will never, when there is anything important dependent on recognizing the sound of a fog signal, rely entirely on his ears. He will aid hearing by feeling; he will verify sound by touch; that is, he will drop his lead overboard, and determine his location by the depth of water he finds under his keel.

The soldier who remembers that his ears may deceive him will never wholly rely upon them to tell him of a battle near by, but will bring his eyes to the aid of his ears by sending out scouts, or, if that is not practicable, he will learn what sounds are in the upper air, by sending men into high towers or trees that they may hear what is not audible by those standing on the ground.

Both sailor and soldier should bring other senses into play to verify or add to his hearing. And this brings us back to the consideration of the question of whether or not those soldiers and these sailors were or were not guilty of a blunder, in the cases mentioned, in depending on such critical positions alone upon their ears.

Right here it may be well to mention certain other facts. It is well substantiated that, during the battle of Gettysburg, the sound of the cannonading was heard, in an air line, in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, one hundred and forty miles almost west from the battlefield, while at Chambersburg, but twenty-four miles west of Gettysburg, the guns were heard faintly and indistinctly only on the outskirts of the town. It is stated also, on good authority, that the sound of this cannonading was heard in the southern part of Wyoming county, Pennsylvania, at a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles northeast in an air line

from Gettysburg. But this need give rise to no special surprise, as the guns of Waterloo, history tells us, were heard two hundred miles away.

Great and disastrous as have been the blunders in hearing caused by over-estimate and under-estimate of the distance of the hearer from the source of sound, from its varying intensity on reaching his ears, and by his failure to hear it at all when within easy ear-shot, by reason of the sound-waves being so tilted by the wind that they pass over his head. Still greater have been the dire effects of blunders made in determining the direction from which the sound comes. All sea-going vessels, especially steamers, are required to carry and use fog horns of more or less power. How faithfully the steam fog signals are used on "the greyhounds of the sea," their sleep-broken passengers can tell; and yet many of the collisions on the oceans are due to failures made in locating these warning sounds.

Let us take an instance: On September 21, 1882, at 10:15 P. M., on a calm, still, but foggy night, when on George's bank, some three hundred miles from the coast of Maine, the steamer *Lepanto* collided with the steamer *Edam*, and hurt her so sorely that she sank in a few minutes after she was struck, giving her officers and crew barely time to take their boats and gain the deck of the *Lepanto* before their own steamer went down. Each steamer heard the whistle of the other, and each steered so that she would have avoided the other, had each steamer been where it was supposed she was from the sound she made.

Suit was brought by the owners of the *Edam* against the owners of the *Lepanto*, in the United States District Court in the city of New York, when Judge Addison Brown decided that an error of five compass points, an eighth of the circle, in locating a vessel's position by the sound of her signal in a fog, is not necessarily a fault under the proved aberrations in the course of sound.

This decision, which was made on the 23d of August, 1884, and is published in the Federal Reports for that year, fully discusses this question, citing a careful array of quotations from the opinions of scientists, and particularly physicists, and is the most thorough and exhaustive treatise on the diffi-

culty of determining the direction of sound, from a legal standpoint, yet made.

The officers of the steamer *Lepanto* were not held to be legally in fault, for they had done all the law required of them. But are they held guiltless at the bar of public opinion? They knew that another steamer was within a thousand yards of them, and they were not sure of her position, and could not be made certain by the sounds she made, and yet they steamed on at the rate of about five miles an hour, and rammed her with such deadly effect that she foundered within the hour. The *Edam*, it appears from the evidence, was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour, when she opposed herself to the *Lepanto*. Nothing need be said of her officers and crew, except that they were lucky to have escaped with their lives.

Any one who will think a moment on this subject will realize how vague an idea sound gives the unassisted ear of the location of its source. Who can tell from which direction a street car is coming from hearing its bell, if he does not see the car? What child, on coming into the house, and calling to its mother, on hearing her voice in reply, does not next ask, "Mamma, *where* are you?" not only failing to fix the room, but being unable to determine the floor from which the answer comes. Can any sportsman fix the spot where his game stands, by its cry, sufficiently to aim at that spot? Can his dog locate the direction of his master, when wakened from sleep by the sound of his whistle, without trying again and again, until he hits the right direction, aided by both scent and sight?

And yet, our "ocean greyhounds" steam at the rate of twenty miles an hour through the night, as did the *Oregon*, for instance, depending upon the ears of its lookouts to keep the steamer out of harm's way: It is a question whether we do not use one or more of our other senses, say sight, smell, or touch, in aiding hearing to locate sound; but it is no longer a question as to whether we should not use all our senses when it is of importance that we locate the source of a sound. It certainly is no longer a question as to whether those to whom we commit our safety do not commit a crime, yes, a blunder which is worse than a crime, when they depend entirely on their unassisted ears to

locate the position of sound, when their failure to do so with absolute accuracy means death to the passengers and destruction to the property entrusted to their charge.

Such are the dangers to which we are subjected by blunders in hearing, that much attention is now being given by practical physicists to aiding the ear with mechanical means. The eye is aided by the telescope and the microscope. The ear is aided by the telephone and the microphone. The telephone, while it is an instrument of much promise, for determining the direction of sound, is yet in the experimental stage.

The navy department is even now testing Della Torre's echo-producing fog signal.

But all this mechanism and all that the now thoroughly stirred spirit of the age may produce, will be of little avail, unless the stubborn fact, that the ear may deceive, is admitted, and unless it is also admitted that aberrations in audibility are not only possible, but probable. And these instruments, and all that may hereafter be invented, will prove to be of little practical value, unless the other senses are brought to the aid of the ears, for the prevention of these terrible blunders in hearing.

UNCLE JABE'S THEORY OF MARRIAGE.

BY REV. T. TRUMBULL JOHNSON.

UNCLE JABE was the man-of-all-work at Goober Ridge railway station, and was engaged cutting wood. As I was tired waiting for the train, and knowing no one else to talk with, I went over to the place where he was working, and, sitting down on an empty box near him, began:

"Say, uncle, what's your name?"

"Jabez Gilead Tillinghast; Jabe, fo' short."

"Are you married, Uncle Jabe?" I next inquired.

"Oh, Lor' a-massy! now yo' foolin' dis chile, shoah! Why, sartin I is. Did yo' tink I ben libin single alone all my life? Ho! ho! dat's radder hard 'flection on yo', ole Jabe."

He chuckled to himself as he laid aside his chopping ax and took up the one to split with. After splitting for a little, he paused.

"Say," continued Uncle Jabe, as he stood with his right foot on the block of wood and his hands leaning on the top of the ax handle, "might I ax yo' a qeshun?"

"Certainly, Uncle Jabe."

"Well, den it am dis." He scratched the top of his woolly head with his right hand, and added: "Why don't ebry one get married, when dat's de Lord's oberwhelming command, shoah?"

"Really, I don't know, Jabe. There are some people who, it seems, are unable to get married when they want to."

"Dat's so, and I's seen 'em tryin' mighty hard, too."

"Well, can you tell the reason?" I asked; for I was sure that he only wanted a chance to air some of his peculiar ideas.

"Why, sartin, I can. It's jes kaze dey hain't got 'quainted wid de one dat's 'pinted fo' dem. I's studied dis matter heaps ob times, and my sentiment's mighty plain, seems to me."

"Where do the appointments take place?"

"Why, in heaben, ob course."

"Yes, I agree with you there."

"Does yo' make dat hol' good wid white folks?" asked the negro, with some surprise.

"Certainly. Did you think that only colored people were meant by it?"

"Yes, massa, it am colored matches dat am made in heaben, sartin, and dar's nuffin said in 'de Book 'bout de white folks at all, so I ben tol'."

"Do they turn out all right?"

"Why, bress yo', honey, no! and dar's whar my theology don't get holt ob de bottom truff, somehow. When de Lord done spellin' 'em off de big book, it happens sometimes dat de angels get so oberjoyed a-carryin' de tidin's down to de offis ob Massa Cupid— Say, whar dat, anyhow?"

"I don't know," was my simple answer.

"Well, it don't mattah, ony I to't he must be whar de head culled folkses lib. As I's a-sayin', de angels so happy shoutin' an'

bressin' de Lord fo' his infernite grace and matchless— Dar, now, dat's a word dat shouldn't be used by culled peoples, an' I's allus repeatin it. De good Lord ain't *matchless*, when He's busy tousans and tousans ob yeahs makin' culled matches down heah— ain't dat so?"

"I suppose so, Uncle Jabe."

"To't so. Well, to get back to de angels: Dey keeps shoutin' and praisin' de Lord, like de saints at 'vival meetin' times, dat dey fo'gets de straight ob it, and raxifies de hull ting."

"I don't exactly understand what you mean, Uncle Jabe; could you explain it a little more fully?"

"Sartin. I's clear on dis pint. Suppose, yo' see, de good Lord am a-sittin' at de big table whar de great book am, a-turnin' ober de leabes. By and by, he stops, reads a bit, puts his fingah on de place, and looks round de room. Dar's a lot ob angels layin' on de floah, or a-settin' up agin de walls, wid nuffin to do 'cept singin' hymns and shoutin' 'Glory hallelujah' 'tween whiles. He sees one dat's troo moultin' and good on de wing. So he hollaahs: 'Hi! yo' good fo' nuffin fellah, come heah.' So he comes up a-bowin' and a-scrapin' wid his wings tucked up behind him, and he says, 'Heah I is, massa.' Den de Lord says: 'See heah, I wants yo' to hurry down to Cupid's offis and tell him to go to Massa Greig's plantation, in Swabash county. Tell him to jine de 'fections ob Jabez Gilead Tillinghast, Esquire, to Miss Sukie Fedrea Elmira Jones, wid de moral certainty dat dey'll soon jine hands in matrimony. Now, if dat angel had got happy on de road down heah, he'd a-ben most shoah to fo'get; but he was steady goin' and good on de wing, and so, yo' see, we has ben jined as man and wife dis right smart while."

"It all depends on the angel, then?" I suggested.

"A mighty heap on it, and, more'n dat, we must a-ben de ony couples read off de big book at dat sittin', fo' I un'stan' it's mighty seldom de angels do dar work as de Lord 'ranges it at fust."

"Now, say, Uncle Jabe, do you really believe all that?" I asked, with an incredulous smile.

"Beleabe it!" He stopped suddenly, braced himself up, and stared in surprise at me, as if I were an arrant atheist, to doubt these things for a single moment.

"Why, dat's de gospel, ain't it? Leastwise, Elder Wallace 'clared it was, when he preached from dat ar tex' dat speaks 'bout no splicin' in heaben. I 'clar, I can't gib de words. Eber- since I had de influmitary rheumatiz in dis off leg, I can't tink worf a shuck. Vo' 'collect dat vuss, don't yo'?"

"In the resurrection, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels of God in heaven," I said.

"Dat's de identical words, fo' shoah. He had tree heads to his samon. De fust was dat de Lord got no license ony fo' dis world, and don't run any offis fo' de nex'; secon', de saints hain't got no time fo' sech foolishness dar; and, lastly, dat dey don't need to. He got sort-a loose on dat thud head, I reckon; but I hab stood by de oder two right troo."

"But I don't see a word in all that passage that favors the idea of colored matches being made in heaven."

"Don't care a shuck fo' dat. Elder Wallace brought it out so correct undah de fust head dat we couldn't help takin' right a-holt ob it."

"Yes, but if it's not in the Bible, how can you believe it?"

"Now, jes yo' get back a little from dis ole ax, fo' I's got to split dis wood 'fore dat train am due. It 'pears to me dat you's shorter sighted dan ole Uncle Traverse, who can't tell a rooter-hog from a nanny-goat ten feet off. See heah, yo' beleabes dat dis ax bound to split dat light-wood knot mighty soon, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, dat ain't in de Bible, Yo' beleabes dat my ole woman ober yindah at dat table undah de 'simmon tree's got suffum good to eat?"

"Yes."

"Dat ain't in de Bible, nuddah. Dar's a mighty heap ob tings we's bound to beleabe dat ain't written dar, shoah's yo' bawn; and so if de splicin' business ain't in de Bible, it's in de samon, and dat's nuff fo' me."

The old man preserved a dignified silence till the train came.

THE SONG THRUSH.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Whence comes that lyric gush,
That breaks the dewy morning's hush?
Ah! 'tis from yonder brown flute-throated thrush,
That pipes away
Upon a bough that snows
Sweet blossoms hued with palest rose,
Where all the full-leaved woodland gleams and glows
With golden day.

How clear the liquid tune
That thrills the morn of midmost June!
Perchance a naiad some Arcadian noon,
Forgotten long,
Dropped it quite unaware
Upon the silence of the air
To charm a drowsy bird, that thought it fair
And snared the song.

It has the runs and trills
Of dimpling, downward-dancing rills,
That glimpse through glens upon the greening hills,
And gaily glide
'Mong silvery, lance-like reeds,
Across broad daisy-dotted meads,
Where willows, like pale monks above their beads,
Lean o'er the tide.

Sweet bird, I never hear
At morn or eve thy flutings clear,
But the gray-worn world, by many a year,
Grows fair and young;
And, lo! I seem to stand
By emerald hedge-rows in that land
Where, fount of English song, the great and grand
Old Chaucer sung.

By some slow, winding stream,
In dying daytime's parting gleam,
He heard the lark; and ah! I love to dream
He heard thee, too;
With thy notes so blithe and free,
Thou wilt forever be to me
The choral link that joins in harmony
The old and new.

Sing on in rapture, thou
Glad bird, and from thy bending bough
Skyward uplift thy happy matin vow,
In tender tune;
Thou touchest secret springs,
Fondly foretelling hidden things;
And nearer to my heart thy music brings
The joy of June!



A VIEW DOWN NEWSPAPER ROW.

From a photograph by Obrig, N. Y.

DOWN-TOWN NEW YORK.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

DOWN-TOWN New York—it is a big place! Big and vastly varied, but with a certain homogeneity of its own. A jingling rhyme, published a few years ago, swiftly, and not inaptly, characterized New York. Said the rhymster:

From Eighth street up, and from Eighth street down,
This is the manner of this great town.
From Eighth street up, the women are spurning it;
From Eighth street down, the men are earning it:
Borrowing, buying, begging it, lending it;
From Eighth street up the women are spending it.
'Twill be the manner of this great town,
Till Wall street's up and Harlem's down.

The first great fact of the city's present physical existence is its "up and downness." The island is long and narrow, and the city, perforce, follows its lines, and the numbered streets cross the island east and west.

Eighth street is, as our poet sings, a dividing line that works a change in the character of the town.

The last retail dry goods shop, on Broadway, going down town, is on the corner of Eighth street, and from that point you may be sure the feminine element on that thoroughfare suddenly declines.

There are various ways of getting down town from the more central quarters. The straight, and narrow, and eminently respectable path of Broadway is, topographically speaking, the most obvious, and the two other routes, which most closely compete with it in directness and popularity, are the so-called Sixth Avenue elevated road and the Bowery. Of these, Broadway, despite the fact that, according to modern ideas, its

name is not descriptive of its proportions, is the most splendid, the Bowery the most varied and amusing, while the elevated roads, on any thoroughfare, offer the most speed to the o'er-familiar, one-ideal pursuer of the nimble dollar.

A ride down-town on the avenue "L" roads, as the newspapers economically call them, is not without its picturesque side, if one can get the chance to see it. Every morning there is a great migration of business men and women down-town, and in the evening comes the corresponding return tide to the up-town homes. During the hours of the day when this stream is running either way, the traveler on any of our up and down roads can be conscious of little beyond an overpowering pressure of humanity on all sides; hence, tell him that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, to his sorrow, he knows better. All cars are then overflowing with surging, uncomfortable, defrauded, good-natured masses of humanity. They have paid for seats they cannot get; they are risking their lives, hanging on to the vehicles, in their own vernacular, "by their eyelids"; weary women are standing, for the pressure of the instinct of self-preservation has well-nigh done away with our traditional American chivalry, under such circumstances.

But, on the whole the crowd evidently enjoys being crowded. Things ought not to be so. Great London manages to maintain the orderly regulation that no public vehicle shall take a passenger that it cannot seat, and in Paris the same regulation is enforced; but Americans undoubtedly find a congenial suggestion of rushing prosperity and business in their own over-loaded cars. If they grumble a little, it is with an under-current of pride in the situation, and they are not without even a sort of victorious satisfaction in the smartness of the corporation that gains by their discomfort.

If our national characteristics are not developed up to the point of pre-eminently enjoying being a part of these pre-eminently American jams, we can, by going down-town between the hours of twelve and four in the day, stand some chance for a seat and a window, from which, supposing we are on one of the avenue "L" roads, we can look in through second story windows upon many a quaint and homely scene. We pass, for

the most part, through streets that are to the town, in rough comparison, what the kitchen is to the house. Working places have no "show" element. Big, dingy manufactories and printing houses, small, dingy carpenters' shops, painters' shops, feather-workers, flower-makers, and china decorators' establishments, line the way.

At irregular intervals comes the one trait of æstheticism in the scene, the chilly, flaring signs of the most ubiquitous class of business establishments in the city (drinking saloons always excepted); *i. e.*, those that offer costumes for hire. The signs usually represent a misshapen female in still more non-descriptly variegated garments, sometimes long, but more frequently short, whose unbridled gorgeousness the wind and weather of years has been unable wholly to obscure.

The sign frequently informs us, too, that the less splendid and pictorially imposing, but often obligatory, "dress suit" is also to be had there for hire. Not only no one ever heard of any one who ever availed himself of these conveniences of civilization, but no one, so far as known, ever heard of any one who ever heard of any one else who ever knew of such a thing. Nevertheless, the grotesque signs go on announcing their seductive propositions with suggestive frequency.

In the midst of all the busy labor and laborious business of these unconsidered streets, many of the workers therein have their homes. Our very familiar inlooks through their second story windows from the "L" cars acquaint us with many domestic details of their existence; for they have generally grown indifferent to, and even unconscious of, our enforced presence, and go quietly on shaving, taking down curl-papers, eating meals, spanking babies, and otherwise enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness after the not too rational manner of their kind.

The Bowery is so wide that the cars there do not take us close to the houses, but we can easily more than indemnify ourselves for the loss of the amusement of the domestic drama by walking through it, reading its signs, and enjoying its marked individual character.

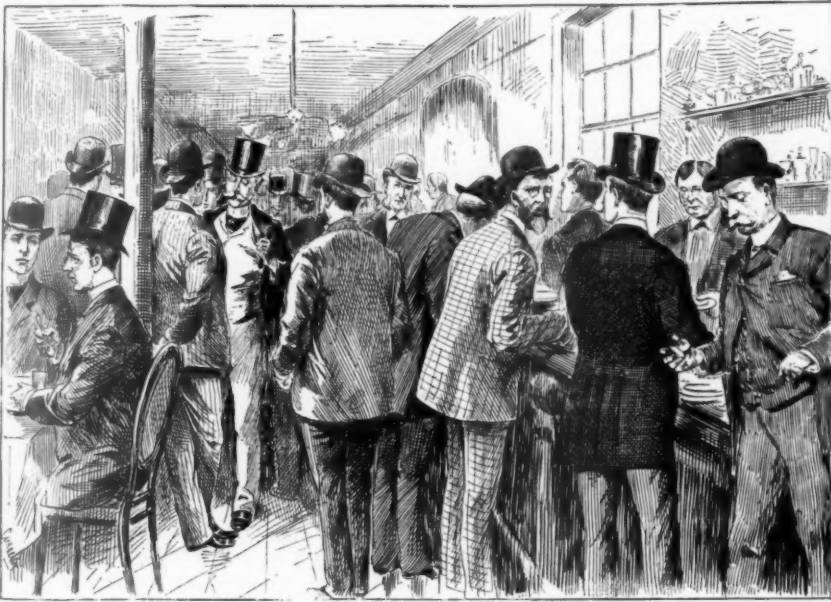
Not until one reaches its lower extremity does the "artistic" painter, out of black eyes, bruises, and scars, frankly call atten-

tion to his useful abilities. Here, too, eating-houses, enticingly offering "a large plate of meat and vegetables for fifteen cents," "professors" publicly making known their ability to train dogs "in various tricks and accomplishments, as amateurs or for professional work"; lodging-houses, conspicuously displaying placards, bearing dark legends of "single beds, ten cents, single rooms, twenty-five cents"; unhappy foreigners, who prove too much in declaring themselves on their sign-boards to be "manufacturers of fruit, milk, and eggs"; magicians, astrologers, and dealers in "love potions," are to be found within a stone's throw of the Bowery's beginning, amid the ultra-respec-

fit to enliven this not too interesting world.

Withal the Bowery is a broad, handsome, and very decent thoroughfare, and has several good theaters, where the best "attractions" are to be seen at rates somewhat less than those of the fashionable up-town houses, and they are habitually attended by large audiences, whose enthusiasm is proverbial.

If, instead of the utilitarian features of the winding way of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, or the dear, doubtful delights of the foolish, human, picturesque old Bowery, you prefer the comparatively stupid conventionalities of Broadway, you will be refreshed by the splendors of brownstone, marble,



THE DOWN-TOWN LUNCH ROOM.

table associations of Cooper Institute and the Mercantile library.

These things are side issues, however; pawnbrokers' shops, shows, and "museums" are the real interests of the Bowery, which is enlivened on every side by gilt balls and lurid portraits of "wild women of the Catskills," mermaids, two-headed humans, five-legged calves, and the usual quota of giants, dwarfs, and abnormally long-haired females, with which a benevolent Providence has seen

and granite piles, dedicated to "men's neckwear," "wholesale millinery," "celluloid shirt-fronts," etc., and, of course, in the most imposing and ornate, will be found the "ready-made clothing," which, for reasons, perhaps, best known to its Hebraic monopolizers, is the source of the most flourishing retail trade in the country. It offers almost the only example of large retail business done on the lower three miles of Broadway.

But we are all this time going down town.

The question arises, when do we get there, and what is it like when we arrive?

Yes, though our see-saw rhymster is right, and one may say that below Eighth street is down-town, one does not feel that he has "arrived" till he gets—well, say, roughly approximating distances, two miles farther on, at the City park and post-office. That opening, after the close street, seems to mark the natural terminus of the journey, and, in the cases of a number of horse-car lines, it does so in fact, many of them stopping in the triangular opening left by the irregular streets in front of the post-office, as is shown in the accompanying "View Down Newspaper Row."

With the break in the regularity of the street comes, too, a change in its character. It begins to take on a more professional air, and its business becomes less in the way of trade and more in the way of banks, steamship offices, safety-deposit vaults, and other money-getting arrangements, superior in dignity, according to popular prejudice, to even the biggest grocery and dry goods dealings.

In Newspaper, otherwise Park, Row, the Herald building still takes the lead in apparent size and in showiness, though a number of the leading dailies have commodious structures of their own. But little is spent by any of them in interior display, and in this business, as in many others, it is in dingy counting-rooms that most money is reckoned. If we had time, which I fear we have not, for a peep behind the scenes of any of these great—shall we say "manufactories" of news?—we should find our way to the most influential sanctums, up narrow, inhospitable, and usually dirty stairways, and would finally reach bare, unornamental, unluxurious quarters, which, nevertheless, have about them a certain masculine comfortableness and adequacy to their ends.

The biggest things down town, and they eclipse even the ready-made clothing establishments, are the office buildings. The office building down town and the apartment house up town mark the extremes of size which private building enterprise has reached. They are both late evolutions in New York.

The oldest of the big office buildings is the Equitable, which started the ball, so to speak, with a flourish, fifteen years ago.

About the same time, the Exchange Court building was reorganized from what was once an old hotel, and afterwards shops, and these two, for some time after that, met the then existing demands for that kind of architecture. Not till within the last three years did similar buildings increase to anything like their present numbers.

Now, the erecting of office buildings is one of the popular investments of the hour (for fashions in investments have their day and pass away, as they do in bonnets, manners and opinions), and recent changes in the habits of business, whether acting as effect or cause, or more probable still, as both, make them profitable.

The number of offices in the larger class of these places varies from one hundred to two hundred and fifty and three hundred, and frequently, in their halls, side by side, three or four elevators constantly *fall* up and down. No other word conveys the idea of the rapidity of their movements.

In many of them is used a light, open, ornamental style of interior architecture, open iron work largely taking the place of solid walls that, in some way, seems to co-operate with the rapid movement of the elevators and the rush of the hurrying, good-natured throng, to give a unique and pleasant impression of extreme and easy activity.

The competition between the buildings induces every effort to meet the requirements of the renting classes, and the owners of one building, the Equitable, have provided a very considerable law library for the use of its occupants.

Men who used to have their offices in their warehouses and manufactories now congregate in office buildings, and lawyers, brokers, and business representatives of railroads, banking and mining schemers, etc., who were once scattered about over shops and newspaper buildings throughout the lower part of town are now more and more concentrating in such places as the Field, the Mills, the Wells, and the New Astor and Potter buildings.

These various establishments are not far apart. The great business center down town, in which takes place most of the transactions that keep the city, and the country, too, moving is not large; the half mile from the City Hall to the Produce Exchange, with a little lateral scope, includes it; but the



THE ITALIAN CHILDREN.

passion for saving time is shown by the natural selection of inhabitants that goes on in the office buildings. Everybody tries to be as near as possible to his field of operations. Near the Stock Exchange, in the Exchange Court and Wells buildings, the stock brokers congregate, and in the Temple Court and Astor buildings, near the City Hall, lawyers are in the majority. In that neighborhood, too, many newspaper men have private offices, and down in the Field building, which looks out on the pretty Battery park and the bay, the fortunate Produce Exchange brokers find uncommonly pleasant quarters.

On top of the Field building, twelve stories, is that latest result of the invention of the elevator, a roof restaurant. From its awning-covered tables one in summer looks far down on the green tops of the Battery trees, and the whole bay, with its islands and bordering cities, is within the eye's scope. Doubtless to many a business-bound man dining there, with a pretty "summer" girl beside him, has occurred the reflection that summer in town is not without its compensations, and they both might easily find the "gay season" at home, or the revelings

of summer resorts offering nothing pleasanter.

The Field building occupies a historic site. On the ground it occupies stood a pre-revolutionary fort, and toward the close of the last century, while Washington was a resident of the city as President of the United States, there was built on the same spot a house, then considered magnificent, intended for his use and for that of all future heads of the nation. It was afterwards appropriated to the use of the governors of the state, Governor Clinton and Governor Jay being among its succeeding occupants.

New York was born here at the water's edge, on the Battery, where now, by the way, is no battery, and has not been for fifty years.

The first Dutch settlers had their little fort-guarded hamlet here, and, on all sides, in this busy, buying, selling, scrambling region are spots associated with historical events and past social splendors.

The mansions (according to old records, everybody used to live in "mansions" in New York) of the Lawrences, the Crugers, the Van Dorns, the Bayards, and the Morrisses were all in sight of the Battery park and the Bowling Green in colonial times. During the disturbances preceding the Revolutionary war, the Bowling Green was the scene of several notable acts of the political drama. There the effigy of Lieutenant-Governor Colden was burned on the 1st of November, 1765, for his loyalty to the crown in the discharge of his official duties.

The Stamp Act was repealed on March 18th of the following year, and the news reached here on May 20th, and the city went mad with gladness, and joyful crowds assembled on the same ground to build bonfires and make ardently royal speeches. The reaction of loyalty to the king was so great that steps were immediately taken looking to the erection of a statue of George III., and such a statue was raised August 21,

1770, on this same Bowling Green. Six years later, it was demolished, in the enthusiasm provoked by the first reading to assembled citizens of the Declaration of Independence.

It is a very inconspicuous, not to say insignificant little grass plat, whose name takes so conspicuous a place in local history; though, indeed, to do it full justice, it should be mentioned that, before it had a name, it played a part in important affairs. As far back as 1626, a considerable Indian war was occasioned by the shooting of an Indian girl for stealing peaches from an orchard here located.

More than a hundred years after that, Frederick Phillips, John Chambers, and John Roosevelt leased the vacant triangle from the city for a bowling green, in consideration of a yearly payment of a pepper-corn.

During its subsequent career as a center of fashion, the Green was at one time ornamented with a fountain, and even for a short while, old records tell us, "stocked" with deer—one deer, one would think, would all too lavishly stock its scant acre; but now, save fountain, save deer, save fashion, its green grass and few trees form its humble, but veritable, right of being. A few straggling loungers usually in summer occupy the benches within its slight shade; but the spot to-day is chiefly distinguished as the terminus of the all too famous, not to say infamous, Broadway railroad.

Near by is the emigrants' landing, Castle Garden, from which constantly issues a stream of humanity, whose presence adds to the picturesqueness in proportion as it raises the average of dirtiness throughout all the lower part of Manhattan island.

In the Battery park, the emigrants particularly congregate, and brown, ear-ringed men in high boots and feathered hats, broad-hipped, short-skirted, bare-headed peasant women, occasionally a turbaned Turk or robed "easterner" give it an air of heterogeneous foreignness whose catholicity is unsurpassed by even the *mise en scene* of an average comic opera.

The Battery abounds in emigrant children, whom one always marvels to find as foreign as their parents, the curiosity of little folks that don't understand English and do respond to various difficult continental tongues being one not to be lessened by logic.

Among these, the small Italians are the most bewitching; for one reason, they are the handsomest, and then the Italian peasant custom of dressing the little folks exactly like the big ones gives them a quaintness so charming that fashion now finds nothing better to do than to imitate it. The four-year-old babies, with their hair braided just like their mothers', gold ear-rings in their ears, and "side-bodies" in their funny, fat little dress waists are simply delicious. To the feminine heart those "side-bodies" are the finishing touch in the humor of the dear appealing little figures, but it is too much to try to explain to dense masculine ignorance, the thing and the term, and therefore the comprehension of it will have to remain one of those very few and painfully slight privileges accorded to ladies only.

Ah, by the way, if one is to make a study of transitions, this may be considered to lead to the discussion of the place of the feminine element in down-town affairs.

A little while ago such an element was hardly supposed to exist. "Business" was regarded as belonging to that large and absorbing class of interests which lordly man manages without—would he say without feminine interference? The absence of women on the down-town streets was once their first marked characteristic to strike the eye; but, even within the last three or four years, a great change has come to pass. Now, while on these streets comparatively few women are to be seen, they are here and there going about their various occupations, as stenographers, type-writers, newspaper writers, engravers, and draughtswomen, editors, cashiers, telegraph operators, and as workers in many other less sharply defined pursuits that form part of the great complex web of business life. If the business women of New York were to follow the fashion, and some day, on general principles, to go on a strike in a body, things would come to such a stand-still as we have not seen yet, and we would soon realize how many and how important they are.

An interesting chapter might be written on the women down town alone, and their chronicler would find place for a pretty touch in describing their little offices, chiefly for type-writing and stenography, whose unmistakable feminine features, the pretty bracket of books, the bit of sewing for leis-



THE TYPE WRITER.

ure moments, the traditional vase of flowers, always the mirror, sometimes, alas! the tidy, attest the fact that, despite the change in her environment and the fears of conservatives, lovely woman is lovely woman still.

The time to see the heart of the business district in its greatest apparent activity is, say, from twelve till two. Then all downtown is lunching, and is doing it with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Lunch may be recognized as one of the necessities of civilization elsewhere, but it is only in down-town New York that this great institution can be truly said to be fully recognized as such. The facilities for lunching are there developed in a degree elsewhere unknown. You can lunch in any way, at any price, from a boiled egg in your hand on the street to an elaborate affair of courses at Delmonico's; or you can compromise on those extremes by taking your boiled egg at Delmonico's buffet, in which case, as in most others, for that matter, you will find yourself in a great deal of company. The town is out enjoying itself, and every place for the disbursement of what our fathers used to call creature comforts is full and running over. Business for a time suffers a slight eclipse, and, drawn together by "one touch of nature," the men of business, in their most human aspect, are before you.

THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER.

BY M. A. ALLEN.

I.

THE evening train from New York to Newark was flashing across the meadows, when a young man, who had been sitting with hat drawn over his brows, apparently thinking deeply, started up, hastily thrust his hand into his inner coat pocket, and, with an exclamation, drew out a dainty letter, addressed in feminine hand.

"Just as I expected!" he grumbled. "Of course, I forgot it! Why didn't I think of it before we left Newark! I might have mailed it there. Now there's nothing to do but to tell Clara that I forgot it. And, of course, it is important or she would never have hurried it off with that blot on the corner."

"Waverly!" called out the brakeman.

The young man arose, and, with the letter in hand, left the car. At this moment, a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, drove up to the station.

"There's Willis," exclaimed the young

man. "He must be going to the city; I'll get him to mail it. Hello, Willis! Going into town?"

"Ah! Bennett, how are you? Yes, my wife thinks she must hear Salvini to-night. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes; if it would not trouble you. This letter was handed me this morning, and, as usual, I forgot to mail it. It is quite important, and if you'd just drop it in a box for me, I'd be greatly obliged."

"Certainly. No trouble at all."

Mr. Willis took the letter, put it in his inner breast coat pocket, and hurried away to his train, which had just arrived. Charlie Bennett passed down the board walk to his home, feeling that the possible results of his forgetfulness would never occur.

A week later, a small company were assembled in Mr. Willis' parlor. A young married lady who had that day found in her

husband's pocket a letter that she had given him several days before to mail, made the statement that she believed that every man in the room had in his pocket missives that he had been entrusted with and had wholly forgotten. Mr. Willis denied the charge, and offered to prove that, as far as he was concerned, at least, it was an unjust accusation.

One by one, he emptied his pockets of letters, which were all addressed to himself, except the last, a delicate letter, with a tiny blot on one corner. This bore the address of "Henry Milford, 123 West — street, New York."

A look of astonishment crept over his face, followed by one of dismay, as he recalled the day that Charlie Bennett had entrusted him with an important letter to mail. This must be the one, though he had not noticed the address. Followed by peals of laughter, he hastened from the room with an indefinite desire to do something, he scarcely knew what, to rectify his error. What should he do? Should he harness up at this late hour and drive two miles to Newark, just to mail this letter, or should he walk over to the station on the chance of finding some one going to town? Just at this moment, he saw, in the moonlight, a man hurrying along the walk toward the station, and, recognizing a neighbor, he said:

"Oh, Grey, is that you? Are you going to town?"

"Yes, I am going to Boston, and I am hurrying to catch the night train. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes; if you will just mail a letter for me, I will be obliged. You can drop it in a box as you go along. It will not delay you."

"Oh, it will be no trouble at all."

So, once more the letter was placed in a breast pocket and started for New York. It was destined, however, to take a much longer journey. Mr. Grey found himself pressed for time, and, in his haste, entirely forgot the letter. Returning home one morning, ten days later, he caught sight of Mr. Willis, taking the train for New York. The sight of him recalled the forgotten letter. Stepping to the office window, he addressed the agent, who stood inside:

"I say, Smith, I want you to do me a

favor. Will you give this letter to some one who is going on the next train. It is a very important letter, and must be mailed at once."

"I'll attend to it. Harris always goes in on the next train. He'll take it."

"Tell him not to forget it."

"Oh, he won't forget. He's always doing errands for somebody."

Much relieved, Mr. Grey continued homeward, and Mr. Smith put the letter up over his desk, where he would be sure to see it when Mr. Harris came. But, for some reason, Harris did not come. Smith, catching sight of the letter the next morning, concluded that, as he was going to town in the afternoon, he would not intrust it to any one else, for fear it might be forgotten, as Grey had said it was important. The letter was, therefore, consigned to Mr. Smith's pocket, just before he went to dinner.

As he arose from the table, his wife remarked:

"You are not going to town with that coat on! Leave it here, and I will sew on those buttons, while you are gone."

Obedient to the wishes of his wife, Smith put on his Sunday coat, forgetting to transfer his papers from the old one. While Mrs. Smith was working upon it, the papers fell to the floor. She picked them up and carefully laid them in a drawer, where they remained until Smith asked for them, several days later. Looking them over, he discovered the letter to Henry Milford.

"Now, that is too bad! I must give this to the first person that goes to town to-day."

It chanced that the first person that appeared was Charlie Bennett. To him Smith went with the letter.

"Bennett, I wish you'd mail this for me; it's been in my pocket a week now."

Bennett took the letter, and, glancing carelessly at it, recognized it as the very letter given him by Clara three weeks before.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"Grey gave it to me to mail a week ago. I meant to give it to Harris, but didn't see him. Then I thought I'd mail it myself, and forgot it. Do you know anything about it? I hope there's no harm done."

"Oh, I guess it's all right. I only asked because I know the man to whom it is addressed. I'll see that it is mailed."

"It's a shame!" said Bennett to himself, "that I did not mail this when it was first given to me. This is why Clara has been looking so down-hearted for the last three weeks. Poor girl! Well, it will soon be all right now."

The attempt to mail the letter was this time successful, but it was not so soon "all right" as the brother had prophesied.

The day before Clara Bennett had given her letter to her brother, she had received one signed, "faithfully yours, Henry Milford," and which, after an avowal of love, had closed with these words: "If you receive this with favor, give me permission to come to you; but if in your heart there is no response to my words, silence is the only answer I desire."

Clara's answer was brief. It consisted of but one word, "Come."

Henry Milford waited very patiently for a week, after sending his important letter. But as day after day passed, and no answer came, he considered his suit as lost, and, in despair, concluded to accept an invitation from an uncle to visit him on his ranch, in California.

Robert Allison, an intimate friend, and a young lawyer, had tried in vain to dissuade him from this step; for he knew no reason why Henry should become moody and despondent all at once, and throw up his hopes of business success and promotion, and start off to California. But his arguments were unavailing. Henry would go.

"Where shall I forward your letters?" asked Allison, as they shook hands at the station.

"There'll be none to forward," was the ungracious reply.

"But I shall want to write to you myself. Where shall I address you?"

"I'll write you after I get settled," was the surly answer.

Henry turned abruptly away and stepped into the car. A second later, he turned back, and, grasping his friend's hand, said, in a husky voice:

"Good-bye, old fellow, and forgive my rudeness. I hardly know what I am saying, but I won't forget that you have been a true friend to me in these dark days."

"Good-bye," responded Allison, trying to speak in a cheery tone. "You are a little bilious now, but the free life of a rancher, in

'the glorious climate of Californy,' will bring you out all right. I shall expect glowing letters from you soon."

"I wonder what ails the fellow," he soliloquized, as he went home.

As he entered his boarding-house, the servant girl met him in a great flurry.

"Oh, Mr. Allison," she exclaimed, "here's a letter for Mr. Milford. Can't you get it to him before he goes away?"

"He's already gone, Jennie, but I'll send it to him."

Weeks passed, and Henry Milford seemed in no hurry to fulfill his promise of writing. When the letter did come, it was a breezy one, telling of their happy, unconventional life, but contained no word about himself. It closed with these significant words:

"You need mention me to none of my friends. I have done with civilization."

You may be sure that Allison lost no time in replying. The envelope in which he enclosed both his reply and the dainty letter of the unknown, bore across one end the words: "If not called for in ten days, return to Robert Allison, Attorney at Law, — Park Row, New York."

II.

A bright, beautiful, May day was drawing to a close, as a traveling carriage drew up before the hospitable door of John Milford, stock farmer, California. The occupants were a portly middle-aged Englishman, wrapped in various "top coats" and shawls, and a young man, who seemed to be in great pain, and was evidently unable to alight.

"'Ello, 'ere, cahn't you lend us a 'and?" shouted the portly individual to the herdsman, who stood near, looking curiously at the stranger. "'Ere's a young man that 'as broke 'is leg. Cahn't you give 'im a lift?"

John Milford himself heard the summons, and, appearing, bade "the boys" bring the stranger in. The elder gentleman, who gave his name as "Holiver 'Awithorne, of Hivy Lodge, 'Ertfordshire, Hengland," made all due explanations.

"You see 'e would go leaping over the beck, and fell in. 'E couldn't get up; so Tummas, 'ere, and I, we 'elped 'im into the phaeton. Then we came 'ere, for we couldn't go on wi' the poor man groanin', and we,

not knowin' but 'e'd broke both 'is legs, you know. 'E'll 'ave to 'ave a doctor."

"Doctors are not so easy to get in these diggin's," said a bystander, "but here's old Peter; he's a nateral bone-setter. He'll fix 'im up all right."

Old Peter, rough as he looked, proved both skillful and gentle. He said that the injury was a severe sprain, not serious, but it might prove tedious, and require absolute rest for weeks. Mr. Hawthorne did not hear this statement with equanimity.

"Now, I cahn't stand that, you know. We've only time to reach San Francisco before the steamer sails. I say, why don't you give 'im some brahndy or gin. Talk about the grandeur of a blahsted country where there's no doctors, and you cahn't get a decent drink of ale. No, Meacham, if you're not able to go day after to-morrow, I'll 'ave to go without you. That's all there is about that."

"But, Mr. Hawthorne," expostulated the young man, "you can't go alone."

"I!" exclaimed the irate old man. "You think you're the only chap that can endure living with a crusty old curmudgeon that's traveling for 'is 'elth. But 'ere's what I'll alleviate the anguish of livin' with me, sir." And he slapped his pocketbook resoundingly.

In this dilemma, old Peter came to the front.

"There's the old man's nevy," said he to young Meacham. "He hain't been here long, but mebbe he'd go with the old feller. He might find him sort o' amusin'. He'd be as good as a circus to me."

Henry Milford would not have been recognized by his New York friends. He was sunburnt and rough-looking. He wore a slouch hat and his trousers were tucked into his boots. But there was that in his bearing that told Meacham that he was not as rude as his exterior.

The young fellow broached the subject of Henry's taking his place. "Mr. Hawthorne's not disagreeable to live with; he pays well. He blusters sometimes, but he soon blows himself out. Come, say you will take my place."

The proposition was unexpected, but its very novelty had a charm for Henry; and, after some discussion of the matter with his uncle, he offered himself to Mr. Hawthorne,

and was accepted as his traveling companion.

Several days after their departure, a letter reached the Milford ranch, addressed to Henry. His uncle turned it over with a perplexed face.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with it," he said. "I'll ask Meacham."

The young man knew the route that Mr. Hawthorne had proposed to take.

"He intended sailing at once for Yokohama. I believe I'd forward the letter there. Just write on it, 'care of the English or the American consul.'"

Poor Clara's much traveled letter reached Yokohama in due season and was sent to the English consul.

After remaining some days in his hands uncalled for, it was passed on to the American consul, where it remained a month, and was then returned to Allison, at New York. Great was his surprise to receive his letter again, bearing the post-mark "Yokohama. He could also see that it had been to California. There was nothing to do now but wait until Henry himself reported.

Several weeks later, a letter came to Allison, post-marked "Vienna, Austria." As it seemed to be the continuation of a former story, Allison concluded that the previous letters from Henry must have miscarried. It closed with these words:

Mr. Hawthorne didn't like Japan; so we did not stop on those flowery shores. Our stay here promises to be prolonged; so write me, care United States consul. When I shall return to my native land is a problem I do not try to solve. So long as I and my agreeable employer are as "appy as we are at present," as he would say, we shall probably remain in partnership. He has a formidable tour marked out: St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Rome, Moscow, Paris, the Alhambra, and the Holy Land, in about this order, I believe. So, you see, we have years of travel before us. Will write you when leisure and inclination coincide.

Allison answered this letter at once; and, without opening the former one, which he had laid away in his desk, enclosed it and its enclosure in a larger envelope, that also bore his name on the end.

III.

Time passed—three months, six months, a year, and no word came from the wanderer. It never occurred to Allison that his letter had not been received. But such was the fact.

After his usual erratic manner, Hawthorne suddenly determined to leave Vienna for St. Petersburg.

While journeying through the Suez canal, they had made the acquaintance of an English spinster, a Miss Winthrop, accompanied by a very pretty American girl, as traveling companion. Milford felt a languid interest in the girl, but he had a suspicion that his employer was more than interested in Miss Winthrop. These ladies suddenly appearing in Vienna, the acquaintance was renewed, and Milford was not at all surprised when Mr. Hawthorne announced that he did not, in the least, care to go to Russia, but believed that it would be for his health to seek a more genial clime. This opinion, seemed to be the result of learning that the ladies were going to Rome for the Easter festivities.

"We might go to Rome for Heaster, too," said Mr. Hawthorne. "It would be a deal more Christian-like than spending that 'oly time among those beastly Russians."

Milford did not like to seem to be following the ladies, but the more he opposed the Italian trip, the more determined Mr. Hawthorne became.

"Like as not I'll never 'ave a chahnce to see a Hitalian Heaster again, and I'm going. You can do as you please."

Of course, the young man pleased to accompany his employer. The days in Rome passed very pleasantly in sight-seeing. The two gentlemen acted as escorts to the ladies. Mr. Hawthorne and Miss Grey would wander away by themselves, returning to the hotel hours after Milford and Miss Winthrop, with some strange story of getting lost, to which the elder lady would listen with an incredulous smile, while Milford was forced to admit that the smitten Englishman was superior to the national prejudice against Americans.

One day Henry took a little jaunt with several Americans, leaving Mr. Hawthorne as sole escort for the ladies. It was quite late when he returned to his hotel, at the door of which he met an acquaintance, who greeted him with:

"Hello, Milford, you didn't go with your party! Miss Grey looked charming. Expect to go to Florence myself next week. How soon do you go?"

With a careless remark, Milford passed on

to his room, to find it true that Hawthorne and the ladies had gone to Florence, leaving word for him to follow. The hasty note left for his instruction contained this closing sentence: "Went to United States consul. Saw a letter for you and ordered it forwarded."

After greeting his friends the next morning in Florence, Milford said he would run out to the consul's and get his letter.

"You won't find it," said the old gentleman. "I ordered it sent on to Switzerland."

Milford sat down, disappointed.

"Why didn't you bring it with you?" asked Miss Grey.

"Never thought of it, I assure you. It would 'ave been the easiest thing in the world, now wouldn't it? But it never entered my 'ed. Thought we had to order letters forwarded. Believe I'd forwarded my own, if there'd been any there."

"To what place in Switzerland did you order it?" asked Milford.

"I think it was Zurich, and we'll hurry forward and overtake it."

But Milford would not consent to shorten the stay in Florence on account of a mythical letter, and manifested no more anxiety in regard to it. But Mr. Hawthorne had a secret anxiety concerning that very letter. He was not so sure that he had ordered it to Zurich, and the more he thought about it the less certain he became. These fears proved well grounded. The letter was not at Zurich, and the consul was sure it had never been there. Mr. Hawthorne grieved so over its loss that Milford could bear him no ill will.

"Father," said the son of the consul at Carlsruhe one day, "this letter has been here so long that I don't believe it will be called for. Would it not be well to return it to the writer? It is addressed to Henry Milford, and is to be returned to Robert Allison, New York."

"Papa," exclaimed the youngest daughter of the consul, "that must be the Mr. Milford we met in Zurich. You know he told us of a letter that had gone astray somewhere."

"Yes, I remember it. They were going from Zurich to Paris. We'll send it there."

But Hawthorne did not go to Paris. He

had a long walk with Miss Grey one afternoon and decided to go at once to "'Ertfordshire, Hengland," and prepare "Hivy Lodge" for a new mistress, a charming American girl, who would brighten up its ancient halls, and add a new beauty to its many attractions. And Milford must go, too, and remain until Mr. Hawthorne had been legally transferred to the care of Mrs. Hawthorne. So, one day, at Miss Winthrop's quiet home in Camberwell, the transfer took place, and the bride and groom departed, with smiles and tears, for their home at Ivy Lodge. Then Milford felt himself honorably released from his duties as traveling companion. Three days after, he sailed for America.

IV.

One morning in September, Robert Allison found, among his letters, one addressed in his own hand to Henry Milford, and returned to him as the writer thereof. It bore marks of travel, in frayed edges and innumerable post-marks, legible and illegible. While still examining it, and endeavoring to decipher the many legends it bore, a hearty voice broke in upon his occupation: "Well, old fellow, how are you after so long a time?"

"Hal Milford!" exclaimed Allison, "where under the sun have you come from, and how is it that this letter has come back to me?"

Bewildered, Milford gazed at the letter, and then, catching sight of his name, he seized it, and, in his turn, began to scan its exterior.

"Can this be the letter that I have been

playing tag with? When did you write it? Did you send it to Vienna?"

As he spoke, he tore open the end, and out fell the letter that had been to Yokohama and back.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

And, not waiting for a reply, he hastily tore that open also, and Clara's long delayed missive lay in his hand.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, turning almost fiercely upon his friend.

"It came for you the day you left for California. As soon as you sent your address, I forwarded it to you. It came back to me from Yokohama. That is all I know about it."

With trembling fingers and blazing eyes, Milford opened the letter. Only one word met his gaze, the one word "Come," signed "Clara." For a moment, his head swam, and blackness came before his eyes. Then, recovering himself, he said:

"Pardon me, Rob. I have had a severe blow. I am stunned. Let me go away. I will see you again as soon as I feel better."

The letter had reached its destination, after more than two years of travel by land and sea, in the old world and the new. Is it necessary to follow it farther?

At a quiet wedding party, a few months later, the bridegroom said to his best man, "You cheated me out of two years of happiness, Charlie."

"But I gave you a year of foreign travel at the expense of some one else. You ought to thank, instead of blaming, me."

Milford glanced at Clara as he answered:

"I thank the postal system that made your carelessness insufficient to wreck my lifelong happiness."

DOWN THE LANE.

BY CLARENCE URMV.

FAR down the lane as eye can reach
The hedges are aglow
With roses red and roses pink
And roses white as snow;
For 'tis the rose month, queen of months,
June odors in the air,
And Alice wanders down the lane
With roses in her hair.

And I—I am a little bird,
Perched on an alder spray;
I look across the fields and see
Dick Deane not far away;
I watch them both, till at the stile
They meet—and then think best
To turn my head away and sing—
And let you guess the rest!

SHYLOCK AS AN EMPLOYER.

BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

IN the saloon of the Germanic, I once saw (it was far more a sight of the face than a hearing of the voice) an Israelite read the parts of the "Merchant of Venice" that present the character of Shylock. He was a Jew, not of the Mordecai order, but of the Sam'l of Posen variety, a rank specimen of the Jacob in whom the Israel had not yet been born, nor indeed was likely to come to the birth for a few æons. I shall never forget the impression of that scene. I saw Shylock as no stage ever set him forth.

When Shakespeare photographed him from life, he was a merchant of Venice. He is still to be found, if anywhere, on the street or in the factory. Does he exist in actual flesh and blood, or is he only such a reality as the schoolmen fashioned, a ghost-like abstraction, which we call a type? Have you never seen him, gentle reader? Perhaps you have passed him daily without recognizing him. The devil is not all black, and thus it happens that, after seeing him portrayed in deepest charcoal hues, we do not know him when we see him bleached to a quadroon satan. Shylock has been drawn in too deep chiaroscuro, and when he appears in the light of the real world, we miss him. The original Shylock was no *lusus nature*, no monstrous form "horrific," no fiend out for an airing from Tartarus.

Shylock has always been in business. The Exchange is his habitat. His full ripeness could bloom nowhere else than in the aureous atmosphere of the market. Shakespeare's Shylock illustrates the inadequacy of our ordinary conventional use of the word "morality," the inadequacy which Theophrastus Such so well expressed. His private life was exemplary. Jessica knew him as a devoted father. The synagogue probably honored him as a regular and devout attendant and a princely giver. He was simply a thorough-going man of business, a man who lived bravely up to the received maxims of the street, much the same before Adam Smith laid the foundations of political economy as now, when every financier can appeal to undoubted

authorities for his dubious methods. His motto was, "Business is business." He did not believe in mixing sentiment with business.

When he was out of business, he could be as kind and generous as his neighbor; but within the charmed circle where the natural laws of the market rule, he knew no other laws, not even the laws of the mighty Moses. The legend over his office doorway ran, "Look out for number one." His seal bore the device, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." His typical patriarch was Jacob, concerning whose craft he dilated with the unction of one on whom the oil of Mammon had been well poured:

This was a way to thrive and he was blest,
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not.

The low simplicity of Antonio might at once proffer whatsoever should stand "within the eye of honor," but the genuine man of business declares:

I will have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

He is deaf to every argument, insensible to every appeal while he stands up for his very bond. What to him are all fine-spun, high-strung notions about humanity? Sentiment has nothing whatever to do with the case. The law has given him his rights and he proposes to have them.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!

The very letter of the law must be observed.

"Nearest his heart!" these are the very words.

He who knows anything of the orthodox political economy, knows full well that Shylock is simply a fine caricature of the very principles that it announces as the true laws of the business world. It is at pains to take out of the man with whom it deals all sentiment, all brotherliness, all sense of justice, everything save the mainspring of

selfishness, by which the whole mechanism of industry and trade is driven. When it has thus eviscerated man of all the "bowels of compassion," it has left the ideal man of business, who stands upon the letter of the bond, who recognizes no law of the Mount over the law of the market, who attends to his charities up town, but regulates his relations down town upon the strictest principles of business, pure and simple.

Thank heaven! the man with whom political economy has dealt is a figment of the fancy; and, in the hardest devotee of Mammon, there spring up forbidden sentiments, such as he secretly is ashamed of, in the presence of the august masters of political economy, sentiments which, flowing through Wall street, even in the tiniest streamlets, do serve to keep a little grass growing between the flaggings over which the eager throng tramp daily in the mad chase after wealth.

Still, Shylock is to be found on our streets, though one who watches him may occasionally see twinges of compunction shoot across his face. Every lover of Mrs. Browning remembers with a thrill of horror "The Cry of the Children." The facts that wrung this wail from her great woman-heart are to be found in one of the "Blue Books" of parliament. A parliamentary commission had been investigating the condition of certain branches of labor in England. Among the facts which this Commission reported were the following: "Bleachers were found working one hundred hours a week, in a temperature over blood heat. Children were discovered in Lancashire working ninety-six hours a week, with six hours extra thrown in on Sundays for cleaning the machinery and this labor wrought for the munificent wage of less than a dollar a week. Children were reported working in brick yards at three and a half years of age, and others, at nine years, kept thirteen hours a day in carrying loads of clay weighing forty pounds."

These are far-away facts of another land, in times gone by, which, as not coming close enough to blind our eyes, may well indicate the existence in our mother-land, at that time, of some lineal descendants of Shylock. The owners of those Lancashire factories and of the brickyards round London were

probably by no means monsters. They had their own homes, doubtless, with tender children growing in them, for whom they toiled assiduously, and on whom they spent their profits. When they dealt with other people's children, they simply shut themselves up within the letter of the bond. They assured themselves that labor was a marketable commodity, absolutely dependent upon the law of supply and demand. Concerning that law, they had no responsibility whatever. On that law they rolled off any burdens of conscience. If the poor multiplied like rabbits in a warren, that was their own lookout. While they paid the market wages for the labor they employed, what else could be expected of them in the heavens above or in the earth beneath?

If one wants to see our modern American representatives of this branch of the Shylock family, he may find some interesting information in the report of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor Statistics, which deals with the employment of children in the factories of that state. Our own New York State Labor Bureau has just issued a report that photographs the condition of the two hundred thousand working women in New York city, a picture that brings out to light some valuable material for a critical study of Shylock. This report "proves, beyond a doubt, that the law requiring employers to provide seats for their female employ  s is openly violated in a large percentage of cases." A clothing manufacturer testified to paying "from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars a dozen" for making pants. "According to the average made, from the books of the Protective Union, it would seem that the wages run from three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars per week for working women during the whole year."

There is, in a certain town in Connecticut, a factory known in the vicinity as "Hell's Mills," concerning which one who has been for twenty-two years a resident of the village gives the following items: "In the spooling room, where the children are (they work by the side), they get sixty cents per side. Some children can run one side, others can run four sides, according to age and size. The age of these children ranges from six to fourteen years. Sometimes it takes three of these six-year-old children to run a side, which would make their wages

about twenty cents per week. In the weaving room, the parents take their children in to help them, and they have benches to stand on to enable them to reach the work. They get nothing for their labor."

Very dreadful! but the superintendent of "Hell's Mills" was described as a "truly kind-hearted" man, who was, however, "desirous of making the mills pay." His kindness had to give way to this desire. At one time, there was a strike for more wages among the operatives, and, after a bitter struggle for three weeks, they gave in and went to work for the old price, while this "truly kind-hearted" superintendent had been carrying in his pocket, for more than a week, an order for an increase of ten per cent. on the wages of his men. This order he returned to the trustees, and thus made the mill pay ten per cent. more profit to the stockholders.

Now, that is the sort of superintendent whom any joint-stock company seeks to procure, and tries to retain by a high salary. No monster man, dear friend; but a man with his own family, in which he is beloved and loving; only a man who runs his mill on the strictest business principles and knows nothing of any gush of sympathy; simply a man who will have his bond. This superintendent of "Hell's Mills" has gone to a world where finer discriminations are drawn than we are able to make here, where, perhaps, he may have awakened with a painful sense of surprise, to the fact that he is known among the spirits by the opprobrious name "Shylock."

The first of the New York street car strikes this season, as every one remembers, was brought about by the refusal of a certain company to either increase the low wages which it was giving or to decrease the long hours which it was imposing, although it was making a dividend of twenty per cent. The stockholders of that company, in their personal and private relationships, are doubtless very estimable men; but, in their business relations, they simply accept the law of the market and run their affairs by it. There were plenty of hands out of employment, ready enough to work at the wages that they offered. Why, then, should they concern themselves about any superfluous sentiment? They did not trouble themselves very greatly, and perhaps were somewhat

surprised to find that public sentiment, in this instance, saw a suspicious look upon their faces, suggesting lineal descent in the spirit from the man of the bond upon the Rialto.

Two or three years ago, a leading director in one of our great coal companies was asked what the price would be for the winter, to which his frank reply was: "As high as Providence will permit and as low as necessity shall compel." Only the law of the market, somewhat bluntly stated, concerning not the price of a luxury, but of a prime necessity. A few hundred thousand people in New York buy their coal by the basketful, on wages that keep the wolf always just behind the door, and it may be to them a veritable question of life and death which this director was so snugly settling; but it was being settled, observe, by the undoubted laws of the market.

A few weeks ago, a handful of excellent gentlemen met in a Murray Hill house of an evening, and, over their champagne, determined, by a "mutual understanding among gentlemen," the amount of coal that should be mined during the coming season. They had not made those mines. A Being in whom they all believe, and whom they worship doubtless with becoming decency each Sunday, had stored the bowels of the earth with this provision for man's prime necessity in our latitude, as it might seem to the common mind, a common provision for the common people. These estimable gentlemen had under the law of the land, come into control of these underground treasuries of the Almighty.

The law recognizes that ownership, and, therefore recognizes their full right to determine how much coal they will mine. This is determined upon "the mutual honor of gentlemen." Plain people might speak lightly of the arrangement as "a pool" or "a ring"; but let not the words escape our lips concerning such estimable gentlemen. Should any poor workingman, next winter, out of employment and unable to buy coal to keep his children warm, cry out bitterly against these coal Shylocks, let him hush his unguarded speech and remember that these potentates of society are standing strictly within the letter of the bond.

It was a current story, a few years ago, in New York, concerning one of its greatest

merchant princes, that, in the course of the erection of one of his great buildings, his builder came to him and told him that, in consequence of the rise in the price of material, it was impossible for him to fulfill his contract without utter ruin to himself. The man of millions calmly insisted on his contract. The poor man pleaded, with the rude eloquence of despair, but utterly in vain. The millionaire held up his bond and demanded its fulfilment, relying on the law of the modern Venice to secure his pound of flesh. The poor builder pleaded more and more vigorously, until his agony, in the thought of the future of his family, overcame him. He fainted and fell to the floor in a swoon, from which there was no recovery on earth. He died at the feet of the man of millions, who calmly ordered the corpse to be taken from the room, while he turned to other business, perhaps to prepare a new contract with some other builder. A monster? By no means, kind reader, only a man walled in within the laws of business, proposing to act as an employer on no fine-spun sentiment, but to stand always on the letter of the bond.

Shylock had a large family. His descendants are in every land. They are on our streets, as on the Rialto. They control many of our largest affairs. They are men upon whom the business world leans. In their private lives estimable and exemplary, only in their business relations hard as the flinty rock, petrified by the false principles of a science, falsely so called, and saying, "I will have my bond."

It is the modern Shylock who has precipitated the crisis in our modern Venice, which cries aloud to-day for "a Daniel come to judgment." Not every money lender of Venice was a Shylock; yet, one of the noblest and most gifted races of the world bears still the brand of his abhorred name. Not every employer of labor is a Shylock; far, very far from it; yet capital, as a class, to-day suffers from the suspicion and hatred

which a Shylock here and there turns upon his whole class.

I know employers of labor who are most sincerely anxious to do the best that is possible, in the way of brotherliness and justice, for their employes, who cannot understand the deep-grained suspicion and bitter antagonism with which they are met by those men. They are suffering from the principle of solidarity. They are judged by the actions of other employers, under whom their men have learned only too well the lessons of jealousy and hatred. It is certainly significant that the greatest disturbance of trade in our country during the present year has been brought about in the railroads which are under the control of the man who, of all others in the country, is the typical exponent of the worst features in our world of business. Jay Gould answers about as well to Shylock as any capitalist whom we have succeeded in developing upon our shores.

It is certainly refreshing to hear a man of his antecedents in the business world talk thus to the public concerning labor: "In a general sense, it may be said, may, indeed, be recognized as an axiom, that labor is a commodity that will, in the long run, be governed absolutely by the law of supply and demand." There is enough dynamite stored in such a dictum to blow up our whole social fabric. One thing only was needed to complete the picture of the modern Shylock. It is not lacking in this self-portraiture. Our railroad Napoleon goes on to speak unctuously of the "men who were born of patriotic parents, who were reared in families where honesty was inculcated and the fear of God and justice to one's fellow men taught as chief of virtues and duties, men who all their lives have been industrious and honorable," but who have, alas! fallen under the pernicious influences of socialism! Whereupon our Antonio may well join in:

"Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil may cite Scripture for his purpose."





JEALOUSY.
After the painting of Karl Gebhardt.

DOCTOR LI'S FATHER.

A CHINESE STORY.

BY M. AUG. GLARDON.

I.

DOCTOR LI was a conscientious physician. Although already well-to-do, he did not spare himself. Every day, in spite of the heat, the dust, and the disagreeable odors, he traversed in his palanquin the narrow streets of Sam-Tchão, entering with the same zeal the cabin of the water-carrier and the palace of the mandarin.

His was an unpleasant task, sometimes a repulsive one. But the doctor loved his profession; and then, he was sustained by the prospect of the sweet repose that awaited him in his villa in the evening, with his beloved Mouni and the two children she had given him.

His visits ended, his bearers, in obedience to a gesture from him, darted into the avenue which descends to the port, deposited him on the quay in the midst of packages and bales, and hailed the junk of celestial blue color that formed part of the equipage of the doctor. It took hardly more than a quarter of an hour to cross the peaceful waters of the Si-Kiang; but Li found the time long. He leaped quickly to the beach, and, without looking behind him, struck into the road, fringed with rose laurels, that ascends the hill, and soon the fresh voices of children announced his arrival. They supped of a dish composed of rice with tomatoes and a wing of poultry. The children went to bed.

Then sounded, for the tired practitioner, the hour of felicity. Mouni brought him his pipe of fine clay and his rice-paper slippers. He extended himself on a long chair in a corner of the verandah, his wife in front of him; and thus, until midnight, they kept up their conversation in a low voice, now and then interrupted by intervals of dreamy silence.

When the moon, overcoming, with her royal presence, the rays of the paper lanterns, came to cover with silver the waters of the river and to paint with azure the porcelain roofs in the distance, while the nightingales

awoke in the branches of the magnolias, Li was as nearly happy as it is possible for a mortal to be in this world. He might have been happy altogether, had it not been for one cruel circumstance that troubled his loving heart. His father, a good man and formerly also a distinguished physician, was a leper.

From the day when the horrible eruption first made its appearance, Doctor Phang had renounced the practice of medicine, not wishing to expose his patrons to the danger of contagion. He had shut himself up in his house, and had engaged in a desperate struggle with the monster. The most extraordinary prescriptions, the most heroic remedies, even to burning the skin with a hot iron—he had tried them all. Finally, vanquished at the end of three years, he had put his affairs in order and transferred to his son all his fortune, reserving for himself only a piece of land near the gates of Sam-Tchão.

There he had caused to be constructed for himself a pavilion with two apartments, had an orchard planted and a vegetable garden laid out, which he cultivated with his own hands. His hens furnished him eggs; two goats gave him milk and kept him company in his solitude, and that was all. No one came to disturb him, social relations with him being forbidden. He had even found it necessary to give up his visits to the barber. Doctor Phang had to shave his own head, although it caused him pain to handle the razor with his poor swollen and congested hand.

Every Saturday at four o'clock, they used to bring his grandchildren. The little ones never saw him. His altered face would have terrified them. They were accustomed to stop with their nurse near the entrance, and their grandfather used to speak to them from behind a blind fitted into the door. He addressed them in affectionate words, questioned them, and made them talk to him.

The children did not love this Saturday promenade. This relative whom they never saw, but the moist and dull sound of whose husky voice they heard, used to cause them a kind of fright. Sometimes they began to cry, pulled their nurse back, and asked to be carried home immediately. If the poor old man had been able at least to give them some flowers, if he could have allowed them to taste of the fruits of his orchard—these trifling presents would, perhaps, have coaxed them; but that was not to be thought of.

Twice a week, Doctor Li himself was to be seen stationed in front of the ever-closed door. It was his habit to relate to his father the divers happenings of the city, to describe to him interesting cases in his practice, pretending that he had need of his advice. Then the old man, quite happy to be called in consultation, used to appeal gravely to his memory and prescribe treatment.

The days were long to the leper. He had his garden, to be sure, but the spade was heavy to him. Besides, he never had had a taste for agriculture. Surgery had more attraction for him; and, consequently, an accident that occurred to his favorite goat gave him some weeks of happiness. The poor animal, having broken its leg in jumping over a wall, he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the treatment of the fracture.

But this happiness had an end, like every worldly enjoyment, and Doctor Phang soon found himself without patronage. It would not do, however, to break purposely the limbs of the denizens of his court-yard, in order to give himself the pleasure of re-setting them.

The days were long to the leper. During the idleness occasioned by the malady, he experienced hours of despair in thinking of the future. The disease made only slow progress. Still vigorous under the load of his sixty years, he saw himself condemned to live for years, and these years, regarded through his leprosy, seemed ages.

Nevertheless, he did not ask to die. He had no fear of death, either. What harm could it bring a man whose life had been irreproachable and who left behind him a son to render him the customary worship and to see that his soul should feel no hunger?

But, after all, he would prefer to live a leper, rather than be dead and pass to the

ranks of the gods. He loved to smoke his pipe, to warm his aching limbs in the sun, of a morning, to breathe the fragrance of the flowers. He said to himself, also, that Doctor Li could but poorly get along without his counsels. Doctor Li had been an excellent student. So far so good, but experience is a master whom nothing can replace.

Thus the leper found reasons for continuing to live, in spite of his decomposing body and the horror of an existence that resembled death.

Moreover, the delights of heartfelt emotion were not meted out to him too parsimoniously. One day his son gave him a charming surprise.

"Father," said he, raising his head with a joyous air to the grating of the outside door, "do you know it is your birthday today?"

"Alas, my son! Please Heaven, it be my last!"

"That is not very likely," replied the doctor. "However, as it would not be convenient to be taken unprepared, I have—had your coffin made."

"For a long time, I have thought of this, but did not dare mention it to you," answered the old man, his voice tremulous with gratitude. "My son, you have anticipated my most cherished wish."

Doctor Li returned home quite happy at the success of his little present.

II.

SOME weeks after this conversation, the doctor, on approaching his house, one evening, received a shock. He saw from afar the windows of his dwelling closed. The long poles erected on the terrace had lost their gay banners of red and blue silk. A subtle odor of musk and burned incense affected painfully his sense of smell.

During his absence, death had entered his home. And precisely at that time the cholera had just made its appearance at Sam-Tchão. His legs bent; he seated himself on a bank and wiped his forehead, which was covered with cold perspiration.

Who was it? Who could have died at his house? His wife, his son, or little Rita, the spoiled child, the sunbeam of the family? Of these three beings, who formed part of

his existence, which would he sacrifice if he had a choice?

"Alas!" said he to himself, smiling mournfully. "Neither the one nor the other of those I love; and, happily, I have not the choice."

At this moment, Mouni, his beloved wife, appeared on the verandah. She, at least, was safe. He took some steps toward her, and then stopped again, nailed to the spot by the anguish that tightened round his heart.

"Who is dead in the house?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Your father, my dear lord. The sorrowful tidings were brought to me an hour ago."

Doctor Li drew a long breath. Although tenderly attached to the author of his days, still this death did not break the family circle. Before entering his dwelling, he betook himself to the chapel that his grandfather had caused to be raised in honor of their ancestors. It was a pavilion, surmounted by an inwardly curved roof of multi-colored tiles. Flowering vines enveloped it in verdure. Huge willow trees cast upon its walls their light and mobile shade.

Li found his two children in the sanctuary. He took them and folded them to his breast with energy, as if death had given them back to him. Then he knelt with them before the sacred images, and throwing some sandalwood powder on the chafing dish, caused the smoke to circle about the venerable tablets.

The place which his father's portrait was to occupy remained yet empty; but Mouni had already taken care to place beneath it the customary offerings of rice, of bananas, of honeycake, with a large cup of sweetened wine.

However, to provide simply for the sustenance of the deceased was not enough; it was incumbent to procure him, as quickly as possible, that which he would need in the mysterious country whence no one returns. Doctor Li took from a casket pieces of paper, some representing money, others silken garments, horses, and palanquins. After having addressed a silent prayer to him for whom these objects were destined, he set the pile of paper on fire and sent the smoke in all directions. Then, tranquilized by the thought that his father would not find him-

self unprovided for, he went to his apartments, followed by his wife and children, beating their breasts.

The servants immediately hurried to their master, offering condolences, and wishing to receive his commands.

There was no time to lose. The obsequies ought to take place on the third day, after sunset; and the doctor was desirous that the ceremonies should be worthy of him whom he mourned. Without giving himself time to sup, he began to prepare the list of invited guests, while his wife composed the *menu* of the banquet. Then it was necessary to write on cards the names and addresses, to send the messengers, and to arrange the rooms.

The night and a part of the next morning were passed in these preparations. Everybody drank cold tea to drive away sleep. A huge jar of this beverage, with a bronze stop-cock, was placed on the verandah, and each served himself at pleasure, master and servant.

The reception hall had been opened, copiously washed with rose water, placed in order for the festival. The walls were hung with draperies of white silk, in token of mourning, garlands of green were wound around the pillars, and the inlaid floor was sprinkled with silvery sand. On each of the little tables, where the guests were to be seated, was placed a dwarf orange tree, a marvel of horticulture, covered with white blossoms and apples of gold.

A prodigious activity filled with various noises the part of the house devoted to the dependents. Scullions in pig-tails plucked poultry, ducks, Guinea fowl, and pigeons. The fish pond was ravaged to get the largest carp. Orders of stewed mutton, of pastry prepared with castor oil, of roasted pistachio nuts came in puffs from the kitchen. And Rita ran weeping after her nurse, who had forgotten to give her her breakfast.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, Doctor Li threw himself on a mat and fell asleep. His wife came soon to awake him.

"What is wanting?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Your palanquin is ready, my lord, and the bier also."

Li did not comprehend.

"A bier! What for?"

All of a sudden, memory came back. His

father was dead. The moment had come to go to seek his mortal remains, in order to render them the last rites. He sighed and arose.

In taking his departure, he passed through the hall, in order to give it a final scrutiny. Everything was going on well. He turned towards Mouni.

"We are going to have a magnificent fête," he said to her. "Poor father! He will be satisfied, if it be true that in the other world people occupy themselves with what takes place in this."

"Do you doubt it?" cried the pious woman.

"No, no!" the doctor hastened to answer.

He stretched himself in his palanquin, and the horses started.

The bier, which was covered with a white cloth, ornamented with freshly cut flowers, moved in its turn, and the cortege disappeared between the laurel thickets.

III.

ON the previous evening, probably about the time that the doctor returned home, his father, on awakening out of a heavy sleep, had been very much surprised to find himself extended in a pool of blood on the threshold of his house.

What had happened to him? He made an effort of memory, and recalled the fact that, during the morning, he had worked bare-headed in the garden; that he got a violent headache; and that, fearing a sunstroke, he had wished to return.

His recollection stopped there. Without doubt, taken with a vertigo, he had fallen. But this blood!

He raised himself painfully, still in a condition of stupor, and went stumblingly in search of a mirror. There was no apparent wound; nothing but a bleeding from the nose, the result of the fall. He directed towards heaven a look of gratitude and murmured a prayer. This accident had saved him from apoplexy.

Some feebleness remained; but a veteran of the medical art is not embarrassed by such a trifle. Doctor Phang began by sponging his face with fresh water; then he drank a cup of milk, and sought in his trunk a phial of which he rarely made use. This phial contained orange water as strong and

more fragrant, more restorative, also, than the horrible cognac of Europeans. He poured a bumper of it into a delicate cup of mother-of-pearl, and swallowed at one draught this panacea for mortal ills.

Then his sight grew clear, he breathed more expansively, and he said to himself that, after all, life had some good in it, and that he would be very glad to see his grandchildren again.

However, the thought that he had merely missed being abruptly separated from them forever made him melancholy, and he went to bed moved to pity at his own lot.

It was late in the morning when the leper re-awakened. His goats were calling him with plaintive bleatings, surprised and indignant that he should have neglected them for more than twenty-four hours, to require of them his accustomed beverage. He arose lightly; his indisposition had disappeared. He felt himself fresh and strong, at least as much so as one can be with a poor body covered and eaten with ulcers. It was a splendid day. Never before had the sky been so pure, the air so light, and the paths of the garden so fragrant. The birds hidden in the myrtle bushes had never before seemed more brisk, more joyous in living.

The soul of the poor man vibrated in unison with this symphony of nature. It caused him to ask himself (it was not the first time) if there were not some hope of cure. Who knows? There had been seen cases where this terrible disease had been cured; but they were very rare, and he considered them problematical, not ever having met with such in his practice.

The old man had eaten his midday meal with a light heart. He was smoking his pipe in the shade of a mango tree, when he heard some one trying to open the gate of his residence.

Hey, hey! Who then had the audacity to disobey the legal instructions? Happily, the gate was bolted.

Ho, ho! What was up? Here was some one breaking in the gate now. Robbers, without doubt. In full day, too; that was rather strange!

Doctor Phang was not a man to be coy in the presence of danger. He grasps a spade, and, with arm uplifted, advances to meet the aggressors. At the turn of a walk, he finds himself face to face with his son, accompa-

nied by a half dozen coolies. The spade fell from his hands.

"Li!" he cried, confounded. "Is it you who have thus engaged in house-breaking? In Heaven's name, what does it mean?"

He awaited an answer, but the answer did not come. Doctor Li and his acolytes recoiled two paces, with the simultaneity of a company of soldiers going through their drill. And all these men, pale and trembling, looked at the old man with eyes protruding from their sockets.

Finally, their master opened his mouth.

"You, father! Is it really you?"

"In person; at least, it seems so to me."

In giving this response, the old man felt himself with his hands, as though uncertain of the truth.

"And so you are not dead?" the doctor asked, passing his hand over his forehead.

"And who, then, could have made you believe it? Ah! I understand. I had yesterday a very serious attack of fainting, accompanied with hemorrhage. The sentry, in making his round, must have seen me lying on the verandah. He it is who must have spread the report. But he was a little too much in a hurry, the good man. You came, then—"

"To seek you with a stretcher."

"To seek me? To go where?"

Li appeared embarrassed. The old gentleman smiled.

"Ah! I understand. What, then, was I thinking about? You came—you came to render me the last tributes of respect. That is it. And you had, I hope, prepared for your father a funeral worthy of him."

The doctor made a gesture of assent.

"A banquet, eh? A fine banquet for the family and friends?"

The doctor nodded.

"Well, what are you going to do now? Ah! but, don't you know, it is almost a pity, he! he! he! to have taken so much pains for nothing."

The old gentleman was merry. It seemed to him that he had just escaped death a second time.

His son appeared meditative. He hung his head and traced, with the end of his cane, circles and squares in the sand. All at once, he turned to the servants, who, present at this dialogue, were mute, but full of curiosity.

"Go and wait for me on the road," he said to them.

Then, directing his steps toward a clump of trees, he made a sign to his father to accompany him.

Both walked in silence for about a minute, Li all the time lost in thought, Phang astonished and asking himself what important communication his son intended to make him.

Arrived under the shadow of a grove of mango trees, the doctor was on the point of seating himself. A stone bench seemed to invite him. But, changing his mind, he remained standing. It was not permitted to sit in the dwelling of a leper. The old man, however, sat down.

"Well," said he, as his son continued silent, "you have something to communicate to me?"

The doctor appeared to gain courage. He breathed deeply the breeze that was passing, and, in a slightly tremulous voice, spoke:

"Father, I am happy to see you again, and to see you again living. The announcement of your death caused me much chagrin, although I might have found solace in the thought that your sufferings were ended forever. Hardly had the sorrowful tidings reached me, when I prepared myself, as in duty bound, to honor your memory. As you may suppose, I sent out invitations to our relatives, and had the circumstance brought to the knowledge of our friends. We have passed the night in putting the grand hall in a condition to receive our guests, and have given the necessary orders for a feast to take place in your honor this very day. The invited guests, I think, are already on the way."

He became silent, and gazed in a vague kind of way at the foliage, where some green paraquets were playing and chattering. The leper, his head inclined on his breast, did not stir. After a silence, he began in a more assured voice:

"Father, you have had yourself the feeling that it would be a pity if these preparations should have been made for nothing; is it not so?"

Phang raised his head again, with a look of ingratitude. His son's serious air made him tremble.

"You wish me to die, then?" he said, with a constrained smile.

"I wish nothing," replied the doctor quickly. "You are my father. You will be, soon or late, one of the tutelary divinities of my family. I command you in nothing. But is the life you lead so very pleasant that you should desire greatly to see it prolonged, prolonged in growing more burdensome? Listen: It seems to me, if I were in your place, I would prefer to profit by an occasion like this, to go and join the world of spirits, the glorious hosts of the blessed. Directly, a banquet will take place in your honor. You would have the privilege of participating in it and of receiving, in person, the homage of a numerous family. The last day of your life would be the most beautiful!"

"But I am a leper," replied the old man, with bitterness. "A leper is not admitted into the house of a healthy man."

"Except on the day of the funeral. You forget this exception to the common rule. Besides, you will have your little table apart, near the door, or on the verandah."

"My countenance frightens one to look at it. Your children would recoil in horror."

"The upper part of the face, father, only the upper part of the face. You can put a cap on your head and cover the left eye with a bandage. You well know you will thus be quite presentable. But may Heaven preserve me from exercising on you the slightest pressure. A decision of this kind ought to come from you, father, of your own free will."

The leper scanned closely his son's face, and groaned. He arose, took a few steps outside of the arbor. With a sweeping glance, he embraced at once his garden, all in flower, his little house, wreathed in honeysuckle and jassamine, and the great blue sky, furrowed with joyous swallows. He stood there immovable, his bosom swollen with sighs, gazing all the time. Suddenly he cast his eyes on his discolored and half dead hands, turned slowly to his son, and simply said:

"Let us depart!"

IV.

THE banquet lasted during the entire night. Very sumptuous it was, and very gay.

Doctor Li had explained to his guests how

it came about that the deceased was still living, and the resolution he had taken not to survive the ceremony. The guests had found it quite natural. At a respectful distance, they offered the old gentleman such homage as is due the ancestors; and one of them, speaking for all, launched out with enthusiasm into a funeral oration, prepared beforehand, which caused the tears to flow in copious streams.

Then the libations and the repast began to the sound of music and the noise of fire-crackers. The leper, seated at a particular table and served first, took it upon him, as a duty, to taste all the dishes, with the feeling that for the voyage he was going to make on the ocean of the ages, it was well to be sufficiently balasted. The elogiums and the honors had mounted a little to his head and he congratulated himself on his resolution.

However, towards four o'clock in the morning, the crowing of the cock made him shiver. He looked at the horizon. The dawn was growing white in the distance, and the Si-Kiang was rolling towards the sea, its waters touched by the first reflections of the day. The leper arose softly and went away, strolling about the buildings.

In the pavilion, reserved for the family, all was buried in silence. The light of a night lamp filtered through the interstices of a blind. The old man stealthily approached, opened the blind and cast a glance into the interior. A woman, enveloped in muslin from head to foot, reposed on the floor of the apartment. It was probably Mouni, her sex not having allowed her to take part in the banquet. But it was not with her he had to do. His gaze fixed itself on two children, who lay on a mat quite naked. Their little shaved heads shone in the dim glimmer, the fine black braid of Rita's hair passed over the neck of her brother. They were smiling in their sleep.

Phang gazed at them long. The tears ran down his livid cheeks. Finally, with a violent effort, he tore himself from this contemplation, so dangerous to the peace of his soul, and re-entered the banquet hall.

Weariness had taken complete possession of the guests. Some were sleeping, their heads supported on their folded arms, or with their backs to the wall. Others lay quite openly stretched along the verandah,

where the morning breeze came to cool them.

The old man sought the eyes of his son in order to demand if the moment had not come, it being necessary to proceed with the sad ceremony before sunrise; but Li had left the hall. He seated himself to await him, and pensively rolled between his fingers a Son-Chong cigarette, "the last," he said to himself, "that I shall smoke here below."

He felt, for that matter, no regret, no fear, no desire. A void had grown within him. It seemed to him that he was already dead.

Day was coming. In the gray light of the morning, the country took fantastic shapes, a landscape seen in a dream. The birds were awaking and warbling. A swallow that had its nest under the roof darted like an arrow in the air.

The leper shook himself and began to pace the flagstones, counting them one by one. Around him in the twilight, arms moved confusedly about; great open mouths gaped at him.

Doctor Li re-appeared, followed by a coffin carried by four robust coolies. On his head he wore a little cap with a red button. The musicians issued out of the apartments of the menials, where the remains of the banquet had been placed at their disposal. They wiped their mouths with the inside of their sleeves and took position before the coffin. The sleepers were awakened. The cortege put itself in march along an alley that ascended among cactus and laurel trees.

The leper marched behind the coffin that was covered with flowers. The doctor came next, holding the hand of his little boy, who was still half asleep. Finally, without any particular order, came about sixty relatives. The music played a deafening funeral march. The family cemetery occupied the summit of the hill. It scarcely took a quarter of an hour to get there. The tombs, a dozen of them, stood gray under the leafy canopy of a grove of olive trees. A grave had been dug. From it escaped an overpowering odor of orange flowers.

The bearers deposited the coffin at the edge of the grave, opened it, and stepped back some paces. The relatives grouped themselves around it, among the trees. The music ceased. Doctor Li spoke:

"Father," said he in a voice hardly perceptible, "have you considered? Do you freely consent to depart?"

The old man drew his tall form to its full height and cast a tranquil regard on those around him.

"My son," said he, "can I rest satisfied that, after my departure, you will faithfully fulfill your religious duties toward me?"

The doctor crossed his arms on his breast and bowed low.

"Can I count on your teaching your son and the son of your son to observe equally the precepts of our holy religion?"

The doctor bowed again.

"Then," answered the old man, removing the bandage that covered a part of his face, "I can die."

And with a solemn gesture, raising toward heaven his emaciated arms, he cried in a loud voice:

"Farewell, my relatives and friends! May peace be with you!"

All those present cast themselves on their faces on the ground, mourning:

"Amen! Amen! Peace and benediction!"

When, after a silent prayer, they arose, Phang was lying in his coffin.

At this sight, the little boy, who had kept very quiet until now, began to utter piercing cries. At a motion of the doctor, one of the servants took him in his arms, and, running with him, carried him away.

A pipe with a wide bowl was lighted. The doctor put in it a pastille and presented it to his father. The leper began to smoke. Puff after puff, with the regularity of a pendulum, he inhaled the soporific vapor. The musicians had taken their instruments and played an accompaniment to the death song that one of them had struck up.

The opium commenced to work. The eyes of the old man were dilated, and their look became strange and dreamy. The music kept on, always ascending, ascending to piercing and strident notes.

The heavy eyelids were winking now. They closed and opened spasmodically. They closed at last, and opened no more. The pipe escaped from the hands, whose muscles had relaxed. The leper slept the last sleep.

The death song had ceased abruptly. The first rays of the sun grazed the plain in the

distance. The doctor placed the pipe, still smoking, in the coffin and closed the lid softly.

When the coffin had been deposited in the grave, the grave diggers had commenced

their lugubrious labors. After the first shovelfuls of earth had fallen, the procession formed again and descended the hill, with the meditative gravity of a company of pilgrims.

Translated by W. H. Allen, M. A.

THE WORK OF THE PARIS IMPRESSIONISTS IN NEW YORK.

BY LUTHER HAMILTON.

ONE of the most important artistic events that ever took place in this country, eminently the event of the season of '85-6, was the exhibition in New York, in April, under the auspices of the American Art Association, of a collection of works in oil and pastel by the Impressionists of Paris.

Perhaps a word of definition would be timely, as to what is Impressionism in art. Certainly the vaguest notions in regard to it seem prevalent.

The primary artistic motive for Impressionism is the reassertion, the needed reassertion, of the fundamental artistic principle that the artist is to paint things, not as they are, but as they appear. Of course, there is room for wide differences in the application of this principle; but, as it is literally impossible to paint things as they are, the leaves on a tree, for example, its soundness can scarcely be denied.

Our knowledge of the realities of things is apt to influence our idea of what we see. We think we see the leaves on the trees in greater individuality than we do, because we know they are there, and the tendency of the Philistines of all times is to demand untrue prominence of detail. A constant warfare is necessary to prevent degeneracy in this direction.

The rise of the Impressionists was preeminently due to a reactionary impulse against all such debasing concessions to the market. They have given particular emphasis to many ideas, but in this is to be found the root of all of them.

Their moulding influences have been the renewed worship of Valesquez and the fresh stimulus from Japanese art; the latter particularly conducing to more humble faithfulness in painting nature.

This exhibition was composed of two classes of pictures, those that excited great

admiration in everybody, and those that provoked equally great admiration in some and surprising antagonism in others. Its supreme merit was that the beholder could be indifferent to none. It was a glorious protest against the everlasting commonplace, which is another way of saying that its pictures were that rarest thing, a record of the artist's own impressions, not as usual, their reminiscences of other pictures.

Some one said, looking around the galleries, "Yes, it is an effort after something new, anything to be novel." But that was not it. These pictures are too really new to have come about in that way. They are the result of an effort on the part of the painters to break with tradition and to see things freshly with their own eyes.

That is the only way originality ever comes, and, for all the cheapness of the method, it comes rarely, and then to a crucifying world, as Millet, Carot, Rousseau, and Delacroix, in this field, could once have testified.

The Impressionists will doubtless have their weak and merely imitative followers, people who catch the manner and are incapable of more; and when they get to be the fashion, which promises to be soon, they will be followed by all the pot-boiling, time-serving crew who reap most of the pecuniary benefits of art, but now they are scarcely out from under the purifying influences of persecution. The first impulses of revolt and reformation, which brought them into existence, are still unexhausted, and, as is sure to be in such a case, sincerity and originality (as we have seen, in art these terms are all but synonymous) are still the rule among them.

It was this absence of concession to the market that made the exhibition in New York so refreshing and so unique. Hence,

the much-talked-of Morgan collection, which preceded it, was, as a whole, "shoppy" by comparison.

We have had in years no other chance to see a collection of pictures in which the necessarily vitiating element of salability was unconsidered. Parenthetically, it may be recalled that the American market, owing to our general ignorance of all æsthetic matters, must impose a particularly low standard, at least, and when the risks of the picture dealer are augmented by a "protective" tariff of thirty per cent., we may be sure that none of them are going to indulge themselves in the always expensive luxury of educating the public; but will, on the contrary, confine themselves to the most commonplace and popular canvases.

In the Impressionist exhibition were two hundred and eighty-nine pictures. This is said to be the most complete and first display of the works of this school ever made. It contains such a collection of Monet's pictures as would, in themselves, make an artistic event if shown in Paris.

It is impossible here to go into any catalogue description of the paintings, and it is unnecessary, the aim of this little paper being to call attention to the movement they represent and to chronicle their appearance in New York as an event certain to have a very marked influence on our own art.

The collection embraced a great variety of work, from immense, highly-finished pictures to the slightest sketches, only their general unconventional freshness of interest gave a homogeneous character to the whole.

Now, the pain of a new idea is proverbially severe, and such an avalanche of new ideas as was poured upon us here was sure to provoke much agonized protest. The punishment of the innovator is a conspicuous incident in all history, but there are reasons why the original painter has a particularly hard time of it.

Painting is an art in which imitation and symbolism are blended, and only of the lesser and lower element of imitation are the uncultivated in the least capable of judging. Moving water, for instance, cannot be imitated; it can only be suggested by certain symbols about which the public and the painter have a more or less common understanding, the symbols, of course, approximating the appearance of the water.

Acquaintance with this symbolism and capacity for judging it can only result from special culture. The Impressionists believe in the possibility of making closer approximations to many appearances in nature than have been in vogue, and, even in the possibility of approximating in the symbolism of painting phases of nature that have not hitherto been attempted.

On these theories, one of these paints, say a man rowing on a lake, aiming to give the impression of the broken reflections produced by his oars, and, perhaps, doing it wonderfully; but between the painter and the observer there must be generally lacking that common understanding before referred to. The approximation may be far closer than that in various ambitious portrayals of Niagara Falls, with which the observer is familiar. But long experience has taught him that certain woolly appearances do nominally represent Niagara Falls, while the yellow splashes of paint suggesting the broken reflections, he sees in all their nakedness as yellow splashes of paint.

Moreover, the tendency is not even to compare the new approximation with Nature, but with other and different pictures, the measure of the nearness being also the measure of the condemnation meted out.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the Impressionist work, as shown here, was the prevalence of violet shadows. In considering this, it must be remembered that there are more violets in the shadows in many parts of France than in this country; also the violet in out-of-door pictures greatly brightens the effect of the yellow sunshine, and, to give any impression of light and brilliancy in the least suggesting nature's is always the painter's most impossible problem. The Impressionists, with their violet shadows, have made by far the closest approximation to it that we have yet had. We can well afford to take the little exaggeration, or even falsity, for the sake of the far larger and more important truth thus attained.

This article is being written after the first display of these pictures is closed; but so great was its success, and the interest it aroused was, at its close, so manifestly increasing that arrangements have been made for its repetition in the National Academy,

when the annual spring exhibition there is over.

Exhibits of the collection in other American cities before its return to Paris are contemplated; but all the movements of its managers are so encompassed with difficulties because of the jealous zeal of the regular dealers to prevent infringement of the tariff law on imported pictures, that it is doubtful whether or not they incline to prolong the struggle. The action of the dealers can hardly be blamed; but this case illustrates some of the disadvantages of our barbarous tariff on imported works of art. The original intent in bringing these pictures to America was to bring them for exhibition merely. For one thing, it was not supposed that we would become educated to the point of wishing to buy them; but, in the natural course of things, it would have been so

arranged as to make sales possible. To escape the crippling tariff of thirty per cent., however, it was necessary to pledge the pictures to exhibition only, and, even then, the dealers did everything in their power to prevent their appearance here.

No sooner were they seen in New York, than various of the more intelligent critics and patrons of art cried out with zeal that this picture and that ought to be kept in the country. It is easy for everybody to see what a revolutionizing lift Lerolle's great picture he calls "The Organist" would give that stupid Metropolitan Museum of ours, for instance; but all plans for the purchase of any picture in this collection must, perforce, be of the character of the ways that are dark, and, all too probably, in the line of tricks that are vain.

WHAT A BIRD KNOWS.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.

SO far as birds are concerned, we have gained one important point, unquestionably. We know that these creatures possess considerable knowledge, and that they are continually learning by experience. In other words, the more eventful the life of a bird, the more it knows.

A word of explanation is needed: In using the above terms, "knowledge" and "experience," I do so with the intention of conveying the idea that the mental or psychical difference between a bird and a man is one of degree only, not of kind. The measure of a bird's mind is determined by the intricacy of its habits. If food is plenty, nesting safe, and foes are absent, the bird will lead a happy-go-lucky life, and make next to no mental effort, much as would be the case with the average man; but let food be scarce, nesting dangerous, and foes abundant, and the wits of the bird are roused at once, and a survival of the smartest is the inevitable result.

Upon what grounds are these assertions made? Upon precisely the same as would be based similar assertions concerning any of the lower races of man, whom a scientific traveler might study; that is, by the actions

of the birds and the results known to be obtained by such actions.

To one unaccustomed to watch our birds, it would appear strange to see a thrush or warbler flee precipitately from an approaching hawk; and, in a few minutes, see the same bird, so recently exposed to danger, remain quite unconcerned at the near approach of another and a larger bird of prey. Were all hawks destroyers of smaller birds, such surprise on the part of the observer would be natural; but, fortunately, such is not the case. The difference between a fish hawk and a sharp-shinned falcon, for instance, is recognized at once; and the smaller birds know very well they are as safe in the presence of the former, as that they are unsafe whenever the latter appears.

While discussing this feature of bird intelligence, let me quote from my journal of last summer, written while floating with the tide at Buzzard's Rest:

"I see nor hear any water birds, kingfishers, or herons; but there are a host of smaller, tree-loving songsters, yellow warblers and black-and-white tree creepers being particularly abundant. I am much struck with the indifference of these birds to the

proximity of the turkey-buzzards resting in the old trees. They hunt for insects on the very branches occupied by these forbidding-looking vultures, and approach within a foot or two of them. These timid warblers have certainly learned to discriminate between a vulture and a hawk, an evidence of intelligence not to be overlooked by students of animal psychology."

Let us consider another phase of bird life. These creatures are never so entertaining as when building their nests and rearing their young. This whole period is one that calls for constant caution, and the exercise of every mental power they possess; and how evident that they know a great deal is seen in the exercise of choice of location for the nest, in the materials used in its construction, and the care taken, in many cases, to conceal it from enemies.

The location is considered, with reference to the future, as when occupied by the young birds, when too old to be covered by their parents; and the effects of continued rain storms and violent winds are not overlooked. It does not invalidate this assertion to say that the birds sometimes err in judgment, and that wind and rain sometimes destroy nests.

This occurs so very seldom, in comparison to the number of nests built each summer, that it is not hazardous to add that the average of structures injured or destroyed is not greater than in the case of human habitations. I have known the fragile pendant nests of small fly-catchers, and the more substantial structure of the oriole, to withstand exposure to storms, without injury to the eggs or young, when the roofs of neighboring buildings were being bared of slates and shingles.

It is meaningless to say they build movable, hanging nests through instinct. They build so because they were reared in such, and it is an imitation of their parents' structure, and not always a very close imitation, either.

Again, birds that are old enough to build nests have witnessed more than one thunder gust, and roosted in swaying trees through more than one tempestuous night. They know what has been, and is it too much to say, they consider the probability of its repetition and construct their nests with regard to such possible occurrences during the nesting season? I think not.

If you imitate the effects of a violent storm by cautiously interfering with a nest in the course of construction, the nest will be rebuilt once, perhaps twice; but further mischief will lead to the place being abandoned, even if one that for several years has been occupied by the same pair of birds.

I tried this by making the bottom of a wren box movable, attaching to it an almost invisible wire, so conducted as not to interfere with the movements of the birds. No sooner had the wrens arrived, late in April, than they commenced building, and were sorely puzzled at the shifting bottom of their house, which occasionally tilted and let to the ground the nesting material they had gathered. In less than a week, they were quite out of patience and left the box. Their chattering, at times, suggested a discussion as to the cause of the difficulty, and the careful examination of the premises, after a mishap, was quite enough to convince one of the pronounced intelligence of a house-wren.

One of the most important and telling facts bearing upon the question of what a bird knows, is that the same species often build in widely different localities, and the materials for the nest vary to suit the location chosen. A cozy nook, if favorably situated, will be utilized quite frequently, and only a little soft material for a lining be gathered. The stable foundation of a last year's nest will be accepted as the base of a new structure, although the work of another species of bird. A nest in a sheltered position, one protected from the north and east winds, will be a less compact one than that built where these cool and rain-bearing winds have full sweep. And when we examine a series of nests made by the same species of bird, examine them critically, we find a difference in them clearly indicative of variation on the part of the birds, in skill in nest construction. This, with the fact that birds sometimes place their nests in exposed and cold positions, and must, necessarily, have a *reason* for so doing, all goes to show that a bird knows exactly what it is about. They make grievous errors at times; so do men. If blindly led by instinct, blunders should not occur.

Birds build nests with reference to safety from natural enemies, and unfortunately have not yet learned to include in the list

the omnipresent egg-hunting small boy. It must be remembered that birds and bird enemies have been much longer upon this earth than man has, and what in those pre-human centuries was learned has been retained and transmitted, so far as the environment has remained the same, and this knowledge has been added to, as experience suggested; but, of course, the ingenuity of man can never be overcome, although birds often do baffle his most painstaking search for their nests.

The choice of wide crotches in trees, where the solid growth hides the nest from below; the covering of the exterior of an exposed nest with lichens, as that of the wood peewee and of the humming-bird; the placing of nests between the loose bark and trunk of a tree, or in a hollow tree, to conceal them; the locating of pendant nests on the very tips of slender, far out-reaching twigs, and often over water; the choice of dense, thorn-bearing growths for nests that are readily seen, are all facts indicative of a bird's intelligence. And, too, the protection afforded by foliage is also duly considered, as shown by the number of nests that are brought to view in autumn, by the falling of the leaves.

The remarkably leafy summer of 1885 showed this admirably. I had three favorite lounging places then: under an elm, a beech, and a cluster of button-bushes. These were occupied almost daily, at early morning, high noon, and evening. Above and about me birds were constantly singing, yet I found but one nest in the beech, although I looked for them. In October, there were three nests in full view in the beech and two in the elm. They were all at a considerable elevation, and, until the leaves fell, were effectually hidden by them. The birds that occupied them saw me nearly every day during the nesting season, yet they made no movement that suggested that their nests were so near.

Again, the important fact must not be overlooked, that when birds come close to our houses, they exercise far less care in regard to safety from enemies, and seemingly depend upon us for protection. Is not this a touching fact, that should make every one a friend of birds? Yet how many are either indifferent, or delight in cruel persecution!

A few words, in conclusion, concerning an individual bird; for I think he was wise, even for a wren. In a hollow oak that stood alone on the edge of a marshy meadow, a Carolina wren made his home during the past winter, and devoted his time to singing and insect hunting, when not obliged to defend his castle from besieging blue-jays, prying owls, or prowling mammals. I made his acquaintance early in December, and many were the curious adventures of the bird that I chanced to witness. These culminated at the close of winter.

During a blustering snow storm, an opossum wandered to the tree and climbed to the very roosting-place of my wren. The tracks in the snow showed that he had entered but a short time before I happened on the spot. I am not positive, and can never determine the truth; but it is my firm conviction that the wren, which appeared to know me well and was quite tame, intended to relate his troubles. Fluttering near my head, he chirped, twittered, and scolded in an excited, yet earnest, manner.

I surmised the difficulty, but was not so well satisfied that assistance could be rendered. My hesitation was evidently painful to the impatient wren. He swooped down, and snapped his beak, and chirped close to my face, and then, hovering near, twittered, in most persuasive tones, dropping at times to the level of my face, and looking at me with eyes that glistened with intelligence; then, impatience controlling him, he would again dart at me and command, as though fearful that coaxing would not prove effective.

From me, the wren constantly flew to the tree, and, resting a moment at the entrance to its hollow, chirped so energetically that he fairly lifted himself from his feet. Then, back to me he would come, never alighting upon me, but hovering just above my head, and always sufficiently in front that I could see him.

Every movement of this distressed bird was eloquence itself, and impressed me with the fact of the great intelligence of birds, beyond any other occurrence in my experience.

I finally endeavored to dislodge the opossum by smoking it out, a process that very naturally increased the excitement of the wren. In due time, I was successful, and

was gratified to see the creature appear at the upper entrance to the hollow of the old oak. It stared about with characteristic stupidity, quite indifferent to my presence and to that of the exultant wren, which darted at its face as fiercely as any hornet.

I soon brought the opossum to the ground, and the wren was again in possession, singing exultantly as I withdrew, perhaps in-

tending to thank me for my services. But, alas! my efforts in behalf of the bird were far less successful than I supposed. The little fire that I had placed at the foot of the tree was fanned, by a passing breeze, to a lively flame, and my efforts to dislodge it proved unavailing. The wren's home, so long a landmark, soon disappeared, and with it the hermit of the hollow oak.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD.

BY ROBERT DROCH.

THE life of any woman who lives sincerely and honestly, who follows persistently an ideal, however humble, who looks up to it when her heart is breaking, is interesting to other women, because they can sympathize with it, and to men because imbued with certain phases of emotion and faith with which, for the most part, they are unfamiliar. In the "Memorial of Mary Clemmer,"* by her husband, Edmund Hudson, this quality of womanly idealism and endurance is pictured by the sympathetic hand of one who loved her, and gave to the Indian summer of her life some of the sunshine that was denied her youth. The volume is not a chronicle of events, but a study of the qualities of her mind and heart, a revelation of "a noble and lovely human character as a fit representative of American womanhood."

To the widely increasing numbers of those who believe that strength of character is not sporadic, but an inheritance, it will be satisfying to know that Mary Clemmer came of fine old Huguenot stock on her father's side, and that her mother was of a family known in the Isle of Man for three centuries as honest, sturdy people. Of her father, Mary Clemmer once wrote: "He had the temperament of the poet. He loved nature with that passion which finds in her presence perpetual satisfaction and solace. He loved beauty with the fine fervor that makes its love religion." In her mother, she noted a "life-long devotion to every good cause, especially to that of the downtrodden and oppressed everywhere."

Born of such parents, in the crisp intellectual and moral atmosphere of the Mohawk valley, Mary Clemmer was certainly blessed by heredity and environment. Her earlier years were spent in Utica, her youth in Massachusetts, where she was educated at the Westfield academy. In these days, we are told, "she was singularly emotional, sensitive, and religious, and capable of exaltation of feeling," just the temperament which is readiest to make a sacrifice for others. And she made it.

While a school girl, "moved by misfortune that had fallen on her home she yielded to the wishes and the will of others, and was married to a man many years her senior." Her biographer briefly and justly adds: "Needless is it to say here, that she should have been saved from the sorrow and hardship then entailed upon her. Needless is it to say that the relation should have been terminated ten years earlier than it was, in 1874." This uncongenial marriage, which deprived her of domestic happiness, was the stimulus to her intellect that forced her to overcome the obstacles of her faulty education, and live bravely the life that leans not on others, but struggles alone toward the light.

When very young, she showed literary talent, and she herself has told how, when a school girl, her teacher sent one of her compositions to Samuel Bowles, and he printed it in the *Springfield Republican*. This was the first line of her own ever printed. She never forgot that kindness, and, in a letter written after the death of Mr. Bowles, said: "I have to thank those weak young verses for a friendship as long as life and stronger than death. Samuel

*AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S LIFE AND WORK: A MEMORIAL OF MARY CLEMMER. By Edmund Hudson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Bowles became a mental force in my thought, which he will remain as long as I have the power to think at all."

It was natural, therefore, when, at twenty, she had to provide for herself and parents, she should call into use her literary faculty. Her school-girl affection for the poetry of Alice Cary led her, for counsel and comfort, to the home of the sisters in New York city. She was not disappointed. Many years afterward, she wrote of Alice Cary: "She found me with habits of thought and of action unformed, and with nearly all the life of womanhood before me. She taught me self-help, courage, and faith. She showed me how I might help myself and help others. Wherever I went, I carried with me her love as a treasure and a staff."

At the home of the Carys, Mary Clemmer met many brilliant and distinguished men and women in literature and journalism. Her first writings were descriptions of this coterie, and the letters attracted attention and found welcome in a number of newspaper offices. She became ambitious to do something better, and wrote a novel, "Vic-toire," which was published by Carleton in 1864, when its author was twenty-four years of age. It was not a financial success. Her biographer says that the story is "overburdened with spiritual and religious emotion. Her loneliness of spirit is revealed in every chapter." But from it she gained experience in writing and helpful criticism.

During the war, she witnessed many exciting events. She was a spectator of the surrender of the Union forces under Miles at Harper's Ferry. She had much experience in army hospitals and spent part of a winter in Washington. Above all else, she wanted a home, but her duty and the force of circumstances drove her from place to place. Often she was almost despairing. "To battle," she writes to a friend, "is utterly at variance with my constitution of body and soul. It would be so much easier and better to die. I am sorry to find myself so utterly a woman. I wish that God had infused a little iron into my fibers."

In March, 1866, Mary Clemmer began in Washington the regular journalistic work with which her name was so long associated. One month before the first anniversary of Lincoln's death, she wrote "A Woman's Letter from Washington" for the New York

Independent. This title distinguished her Washington correspondence for that paper until her death. Her letters were widely quoted, and gave her a national reputation. Of them, her biographer says: "Her acquaintance with the principal actors in the scenes she described was intimate and extensive, and her knowledge of the inner forces of politics and their workings was such as it is rarely possible for a woman to possess. Her intense patriotism, her hatred of shams, and her desire for purity and honor in the business of the state made her an unsparing critic of the shortcomings of men chosen to serve the people; but she wrote always with the public welfare in view, and never from personal or selfish motives."

From 1869 to 1872, she spent three years in Brooklyn, doing editorial work for the Union. She says of this period: "I once entered into a written contract to write one column per day on any subject I was instructed to write on, for three years in advance, and, at the end of those three years, I had not, for a single day, failed of fulfilling my task, which included everything, from book reviews, comments on the government and public men and affairs, to a common advertisement paragraph. It was a toilsome time; but one positive satisfaction I feel, in looking back, is the consciousness of the entire command it gave me of all my mental forces." Her salary during the last year of this work was five thousand dollars.

It was during these years that her "Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary" and her novel "Eirene: A Woman's Right" were published. The latter was a story of American life, containing strong descriptions of war scenes. Her third novel, "His Two Wives," was published in a Boston paper in 1872, and afterwards in book form. We are assured that it still retains a copyright value.

Her dearest ambition, says her biographer, was to "produce a novel which would completely meet the tests of art in fiction writing, and when compelled to cease all literary effort by illness, she had half finished a work that promised a higher level of merit than anything she had before produced.

The poetry of Mary Clemmer was collected in a volume in 1882, and she highly prized the kindly expressions that it called forth. Nevertheless, she did not over-estimate her

verses. "I claim nothing for them but spontaneity and sincerity," she wrote to a friend. "They are true to truth, as I knew it." A critical reader will be inclined to agree with her estimate of her own work.

A subscription book, "Ten Years in Washington," completes the list of her published volumes. And, in concluding this brief review of her literary career, it is to be recorded that, during the sixteen years from 1866 to 1882, her earnings were about fifty thousand dollars.

Something should be said of the personal qualities that endeared her to so many friends. "Mary Clemmer," says Mr. Hudson, "had a genius for friendship and for comradeship." The quality that drew men of talent and power to her was "the rare delicacy of her sympathy and the largeness of her intellectual comprehension." Her parlors on reception days were crowded, and she made each visitor feel that her interest in him was kindly and personal. Sumner, Wilson, Colfax, and Garfield are counted among those who esteemed her sincerity of purpose.

It is said that she never allowed her friendship to interfere with her estimate of the acts of public men. She wrote plainly of official corruption, and was abused by party newspapers. "With all the force of my will and spirit," she wrote in 1879, "I am against the use of public office, of the trusts of the people, for the upbuilding of personal selfishness, for the gains of political cupidity." And again: "The greatest failures ever witnessed in the House of Representatives have not been intellectual failures, but failures in the underlying force of integrity, which, after all, is the corner-stone of all real personal prosperity."

This was the life she lived among men. As for the higher, "she rested her whole religious life on the commands and the example of the Christ whose humble and faithful follower she sought to be."

One day, in 1878, while driving, Mary Clemmer became alarmed at the actions of the horses, and jumped from her carriage. Her head was thrown, with great force, against the stone curbing. Her skull was fractured at its base, and, though for six years she lived and worked, yet during many months of that time she suffered terrible agony. Her marriage to Edmund Hudson, in June, 1883, and a subsequent trip to Europe, brightened these years of pain. She seemed to recover her strength somewhat in January, 1884, but complained that "nothing that she saw seemed real to her any more." Each day, her husband writes, "the fair world about her was seen more dimly, and her impressions of space and time grew more faint." On August 18, 1884, she died at the age of forty-four.

She was at the maturity of her literary power, and believed that, with life and home and that peace of heart which had come to her, she would do literary work of permanent value. This was her ambition. But death snuffed the candle before it was half consumed. "One pulse the less in the mighty respiration—What is that?" she wrote once. "You know what this life, so multiform, so marvelous, is. Whatever it may be to you, you are sure that you are nothing to life. You are as ready for new relations as if you had already crossed the boundary of the spheres."

This life the mirage of a dream,
Merged to a morning calm and clear.

MINDS IN THE SAME CHANNEL.

BY FRED. F. FOSTER.

ACCORDING to his biographer, Boswell, the celebrated lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, intended to write a volume proving the amount of literary invention to be very limited. And a noted American novelist declares that the success of a writer of fic-

tion depends more upon his memory than his power of imagination.

If there is such a paucity of original ideas, it can be no matter of surprise that different changes should be rung upon the same idea. It is not easy, however, to believe that all

the similarities of expression, as well as of thought, discoverable in the works of eminent authors, are purely accidental. These coincidences are especially frequent in, but not confined to, poetry. They even occur in historical writings, which, supposably, deal with facts not likely to be exactly duplicated.

The famous combat between the Horatii and the Curatii is a myth. Such a combat took place between three soldiers of Tægea and three of Pheneus, cities of Arcadia, and was chronicled by a Greek writer, Stobæus, from whom Livy borrowed the tale. Mutius Scævola, who displayed his heroism in the presence of King Porsenna by placing his right hand on burning coals and allowing it to be consumed without a groan, was "a Greek disguised as a Roman."

To describe the naval victory obtained by M. Agrippa over Sextus Pompey, near the straits of Messina, Dion Cassius copies, almost word for word, that chapter of Thucydides in which the latter depicts the defeat of the Athenians in the harbor of Syracuse. By a singular coincidence, Cæsar, on reaching Africa; William the Conqueror, on landing in England; Edward III., on disembarking at La Hogue, on his way to conquer France; Napoleon, on entering Egypt, fell to the ground, owing to a misstep; and each made a similar exclamation, whose import was, "Thus do I take possession of this land!"

Shakespeare's tendency to pilfer from the writings of his predecessors and contemporaries is too well known to require consideration here. We have seen analyses of Gray's "Elegy" and Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" that gave a parallel for nearly every line of these exquisite poems, and showed them to be a mosaic whose component parts were drawn from divers sources.

Doubtless Pope's

The proper study of mankind is man,

came from an old French proverb: "*La vraie étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.*"

Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,

in Moore's "Canadian Boat Song," is wonderfully like:

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars, they kept the time,

from a poem by Andrew Marvell, whose few writings are saved from oblivion by their purity of sentiment and diction.

Possibly,

Would the good Lord the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,

might never have had an existence but for a couplet by one Shipton, "an unrecognized genius," which reads:

If it were given us ourselves to see,
How other than they are our lives would be.

One cannot but notice the close resemblance of

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,

by James Montgomery, to—

At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hour's sail
Than when sleep breathes his drowsy gale,

written some two hundred years before Montgomery's time.

Like angel visits, few and far between,

can hardly be regarded original with Campbell by one familiar with—

Its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between,

found in the "Grave," by Thomas Blair.

Poe, in his lecture upon "The Poetic Principle," says: "Hood's 'Fair Inez' had always for me an inexpressible charm." It is absolute'y strange that one so ready to detect, and so earnest to expose, imitations as Poe should not have discovered and mentioned the striking resemblance of this poem to Burns' "Bonnie Lesley." We quote the first verse of each poem:

Oh, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

Oh, saw ye not fair Inez?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.

In succeeding verses, the similitude of the two compositions is less, but yet apparent.

As one, treating this subject, remarks: "The same old friends appear and re-appear, in slightly altered costumes and with different accessories, though easily recognizable."



A TID-BIT FOR THE BIRD.
After the painting of F. Sonderland.

A DAY IN A PARIS LIBRARY.

By JAMES BRECK PERKINS.

THE Rue de Richelieu took its name from the famous cardinal, and on one side of it stood the Palais Cardinal, which he built for himself. This palace is now a part of what is called the Palais Royal. Back of it were gardens, in which Richelieu used to meditate on plans for the ascendancy of France in Europe, but which are now lined with buildings.

On the first floor of these are innumerable little shops, where jewelry is sold at the lowest figures. The second floor is almost entirely given over to restaurants, in which one can get a dinner at any price that suits his purse. Once the cooks of the Palais Royal were thought by gourmands to be almost as great men as Richelieu; but their glory has waned, and the restaurants that epicures now talk most of are in other parts of the city.

The street has kept the name originally given it over two centuries ago. It ran then to the city walls; and, as they have been replaced by the boulevards, the Rue de Richelieu now ends in the boulevard Montmartre. About a quarter of a mile from the Palais Royal, the street passes by an immense building that fills an entire block. Here was the palace of Cardinal Mazarin, and some portions of it form parts of the present structure. Mazarin also had gardens, and chose this location that he might have abundance of ground about him and enjoy the pleasures of a suburban home. But the gardens have long been covered with buildings, and this is now the very heart of Paris. The Bourse, which corresponds to the New York Stock exchange, stands near.

The palace of Mazarin was famous, not only for its size and architectural effect, but also for the treasures with which it was filled. There were in it great collections of statuary, paintings, jewelry, and whatever was rare, costly, and beautiful. Mazarin was an Italian, and had the artistic tastes so common in Italy; and he loved to surround himself with what appealed to the æsthetic sense. Works of art were rare in Paris then, and the splendor of Mazarin's collections excited the wonder of all and the criticism

of many. His Venuses on canvas and his nymphs and goddesses in marble were too scantily dressed to please those unaccustomed to antique or Italian art, and they declared that such things were unseemly in the palace of a dignitary of the church.

The cardinal had left his kinsmen behind him in Italy and said that the marble figures that came from there were all the relatives he wanted. But in time he changed his views. He brought to his palace many black-eyed Italian nieces to live among the statues and paintings. They were young and perhaps homely when they first arrived, and hostile critics said that they had the complexion of chimneys, the eyes of owls, and the eyebrows of condemned souls. But some of them developed into beauties, and all of them had southern fire and attractiveness, when they grew to be women.

Their uncle used them in his political combinations, and married them to princes and powerful noblemen. Charles II. of England wanted to marry one of them, and Louis XIV. of France wanted to marry another. But Charles was in exile, and a banished king was thought a poor match. Mazarin wished Louis XIV. to marry Maria Theresa of Spain. So he took his niece away, shut her up in a lonely castle at Brouage, and advised her to find consolation in reading the precepts of Seneca. She found consolation later in life, but it was not in reading Seneca.

One of these many nieces the cardinal picked out to inherit the bulk of his great estate. As she was to be the richest woman in France, he thought of marrying her to the Prince of Courtenay, who was not worth a sou, but was descended from French kings and emperors of the east, and had a pedigree of enormous antiquity. But he chose, instead, the Duke of La Meilleraie, who had more money and less pedigree. Meilleraie took the title of Duke of Mazarin, and, by virtue of his wife, inherited the greater portion of her uncle's wealth.

It was said that the fortune he thus received amounted to sixty million livres, which would correspond to sixty million

dollars to-day. Possibly the niece's inheritance was not quite as great as that of the Vanderbilts; but, at all events, it secured for her a very poor husband. The new Duke of Mazarin had not a strong mind at the beginning, and the little he possessed gave way under his wealth and position. He occupied a part of Mazarin's palace, and the cardinal's treasures of art came into the possession of the heir. The duke was exceedingly pious, and decided that some of the statues and paintings were immodest. So he went through the long galleries with a hammer, knocking to pieces lightly clad gods and goddesses, choice antiques, and the works of famous Italian sculptors. The paintings fared no better, for he took a paint pot, and the beauties of Titian and Corregio found themselves clad in long robes and high-necked dresses, or covered with daubs of paint, which concealed their too freely exposed charms. Louis XIV. heard of the freaks of the new owner of the collections of Mazarin, and he succeeded in stopping them.

But the duke had many other peculiarities, and among them was a desire to make life as uncomfortable as possible for his wife. The great palace was the scene of unseemly brawls, until, finally, the duchess fled. The last straw was when her husband secreted her diamonds and would not let her appear with the patches, with which the ladies of the day adorned their faces. She would never return to him, and at last she found refuge at the court of Charles II., which always stood open for ladies of beauty and wit who were wearied of their husbands.

The duke was fond of lawsuits, and dared his wife to return to France and fight out her differences with him in the courts. Litigation had not equal charms for her, and she declined to accept this gage of forensic battle. Then the duke notified Charles II. that if he gave the duchess any money on her receipts, without her husband's authority, they would not be legal. Charles replied that he never took any receipts at all, and so this was not important. The crazy duke died, and the palace of Mazarin passed into other hands.

Besides statues, and paintings, and nieces, the cardinal gathered into this building a great collection of books. They were arranged in the portion fronting on the Rue de Richelieu, in long halls, underneath which

stood his magnificent stables. These were so magnificent that the library might well have been placed over them; but his enemies said he gave the muses an unsavory position.

Here he had forty thousand books, to which the public had free access. When he was driven into exile, these were sold, and from the money realized a reward of one hundred and fifty thousand francs was offered for his head. But, in time, he triumphed over his enemies, returned to his palace, and began to gather a new library. In a few years, another was collected as large as the one that had been dispersed. After Mazarin's death, this portion of the palace was used for other purposes. The books were taken to another building and became the foundation of the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*, which is to-day one of the great libraries of France.

But this part of the palace was well fitted for the purposes for which it was designed, and in the following century it was bought by the king, and the royal library was there established. For nearly three centuries, it has been the law that copies of every book published in France should be given to this collection, and extensive purchases have been made of foreign books. The whole of the palace of Mazarin, now much changed, together with extensive additions, is at present occupied by the National Library.

By the changes in its name, one could trace the political revolutions of France. It was long called the Royal Library. Under Napoleon, it became the Imperial Library, and then was again called the Royal Library when the Bourbons were restored. After being the Imperial Library under Napoleon III., it is now the National Library under the Republic.

It is the largest in the world, considerably exceeding the British Museum, and at present it has above two million and a half printed books. The building in which it is contained extends along the Rue de Richelieu in a line of unbroken, grave, and imposing architecture for five hundred feet. It is filled, not only with books, but with collections of engravings, maps, medals, and antiques. There is also a great collection of manuscripts, letters, both diplomatic and private, and unprinted material, the most of which is of more or less importance in refer-

ence to the political, literary, or social history of France. It is among these manuscripts that much of the work is done at the library, by those making researches in any portion of French history.

It is impossible at any one place to get an adequate idea of the vast number of books contained in the building. They are scattered through many parts of it. In the work hall, as it is called, which is reserved for those who are engaged in serious study or literary work, there are some fifty thousand books, and one can look through the opening into four or five halls beyond, around each of which there are probably as many, or more, volumes.

This hall is open, in winter, from ten to four, and in summer from ten to six, on every day except Sundays and a few fête days. It is a large room, with a high, dome-shaped ceiling, through which the light is introduced. There are rows of desks in it, and it looks much like a great school-room. Ink is placed at each seat, but those working there bring their own pens and stationery. Written orders for books are given the attendants, and they are usually brought in about fifteen or twenty minutes. In the afternoon, there are ordinarily from three to four hundred men in the hall, most of them, it is to be feared, hard at work reading dull books and writing duller ones.

One sees there, at one time and another, most of the leading scholars of France. The red ribbon, worn by many, shows that they have attained sufficient prominence to be received into the Legion of Honor. Some of those working are only engaged in temporary investigations of questions of interest or importance in their various callings. There can be seen, also, those whose lives are dozed away in libraries, without producing any fruit.

During a considerable time that I was at the National Library quite regularly, I saw, sitting invariably in one place, an old Frenchman, with a very seedy black coat, covered with dandruff, the ideal for a picture of a bookworm. He was always on hand at ten in the morning and stayed till the library closed, reading from a great number of books about Greece, and covering innumerable long sheets with a close, crabbed handwriting, much interlined and corrected.

He must have written volumes while I was there, and, undoubtedly, had written volumes before, and will continue to write on till his death. It is safe to say that none of them will ever see the light, but the old man doubtless leads a happy life, reading much, and spending his hours in a great building, the quiet and repose of which, amid the countless books all around, bring a certain indescribable tranquility to the mind.

Undoubtedly, he looks forward to the day when the great work of his lifetime will itself appear before the public, and will be added to the books of the National Library. It will never appear, but the anticipation exists, and the old man, and the many like him who drone away their lives, lulled by the mysterious mental melody that comes from the presence of two million printed volumes, are perhaps quite as happy as the well-dressed gentleman with the red ribbon in his buttonhole, to whom the officers all bow politely when he drops into the library to make a little further examination for some changes in the fifth or tenth edition of his last work.

The manuscripts of the library are still more interesting. There is a certain sense of impropriety in reading letters which were never intended for your eye, nor perhaps for any eyes but those of the person to whom they were addressed. One finds, sometimes, old journals and memoranda, throwing a curious light on the motives and desires of the men who have had control of the welfare of states. Undoubtedly, those who fill important positions and who are concerned with the political or social development of nations, to a certain extent, have a thought of posterity in all they say and do; but still they often leave memoranda behind them that they did not intend for posterity's eye.

Every century has certain characteristics in the style of its handwriting. Of course, in all ages, there are those who write legibly and those who write illegibly. But a person not familiar with the general penmanship of another age will have trouble in reading what is really an entirely legible hand, while one who has had a certain amount of experience can read letters two centuries old with about the same ease that he would find in reading letters written by different persons during the last ten years.

Spelling was then in a very chaotic condi-

tion. Statesmen and noblemen, and still more ladies of rank and fashion, spelled with entire freedom from any rules. In fact, orthography had not then become, to such an extent, an exact and inflexible science. If people wrote a word so as to give an idea of the sound, that was enough, and, like much phonographic spelling, the letters adopted were often more numerous and more intricately arranged than in the forms used in books. Persons did not always spell their own names in the same way. There

was still less reason why they should feel bound to any fixed mode of arranging the letters in any particular word.

Correct spelling has with us become a fetich. We attach an exaggerated importance, for instance, to putting an *e* before an *i* in some word where it would be exactly as well to put the *i* before the *e*. The student of the manuscripts of the National Library finds traces of freer and happier customs among those who wrote letters two centuries ago.

THE ORIGIN OF FASHION.

THE origin of fashions for men is simple. The leading tailors of Paris meet and determine what shall be worn by the members of their sex. They appoint a committee to prepare the designs that form, when printed, the common fashion plates of the shops. Every tailor in France, and, indeed, many other countries, is governed by the mandates of the Parisian chiefs.

An endeavor was made, some time ago, to establish a parliament of milliners, to regulate the female fashions; but it was a complete failure. Felix, Worth, Pingat, and Laferrière were present, and were disposed to be parliamentary; but the female representatives talked so persistently and ineffectively that the assembly broke up, never to reassemble.

A strange fact presents itself concerning women's fashions. Although no interchange of ideas takes place between the vast multitudes of men and women milliners throughout the world, a new fashion will spring simultaneously into existence. A like taste seems to prevail spontaneously, as it were, in separated localities. In days of the Empire, the Empress Eugénie used to set the fashions; the Princess de Metternich, the Duchess de Morny, and other court leaders would determine upon some new fashion, and, under the imperial sanction, it was given to the world. The rich bourgeois copied it, and the tradesmen's wives followed suit.

As the French government does nothing now to attract people to Paris, as the center of elegance and fashion, the official world exerts no influence now upon the fashions.

A group of women, consisting of members of the old nobility, the new republican aristocracy, the wealthy banking and merchant families, and even favorite actresses, meet in the elegant "trying on" rooms of the most distinguished man milliners, and there discuss the proposed changes, giving their sanction or their disapproval.

Frequently, they adopt the fashions of some foreign court. It was Anglomania that once gave rise to the wearing of woolen goods in Paris and America. In order to help the woolen trade of Leeds, Bradford, and Perth, and in compliance with a petition from those towns, the Princess of Wales began to wear nothing but this class of goods. Of course, all the English women followed her example; but many leaders of society had their woollens made up in Paris by Laferrière, and then the Paris women bought English woollens to the discomfiture of the French manufacturers.

When some distinguished woman of fashion appears in Paris with something new upon her, if it is made of some fabric which can be cheaply imitated, the managers of the Bon Marché, the Louvre, and the Printemps immediately order large quantities of stuff, apparently genuine, but in reality very poor and cheap. Then some needy great lady is paid to go and buy the new garment from the king of fashion. It is then used as a model from which the world at large is supplied. But this gives the death blow to the garment; for, just as soon as it becomes common, the great people discard it.

Young Folks

A VERY REFINED PRINCE.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

I.

ONCE upon a time, there was a prince, and this prince was so very refined that the like of him was never seen before, and has very seldom been seen since. Nothing was good, or beautiful, or fine enough for him in this world. Consequently, he had rather an unhappy life of it, and was of no earthly use to himself or to any one else.

"What can you expect?" sighed the queen. "My son is so refined!"

"He is so very refined!" echoed all the ladies of honor.

"What can you expect?" growled the old king. "My son is a born fool!"

But none of the gentlemen of honor dared to echo this sentiment, after what the queen and the ladies had said. So the old monarch had his opinion, or at least the expression of it, to himself.

The prince grew more and more refined every day. Especially had his royal highness the most exquisite taste in wearing apparel. He could not bear silk, and velvet, and satin, because the silk worms made them; and silk worms he could not endure, because they have a habit of opening their mouths sideways.

Woolen was still worse. What! a prince wear the coat of a horrid, greasy sheep—a sheep any one might have sheared? No possible purification could make it clean enough!

He was reduced to wear linen, both summer and winter; for cotton did not grow in those parts, and he could not wear any that was imported, for no one could say who

might not have handled it, and what subtle germs might not lurk in a cotton night cap?

His clothes were all of flax, grown on the royal domain, and spun and woven by the hands of his mother and her ladies, and even that never was fine enough for him, though the queen was renowned, far and wide, as the best spinner and weaver of her age.

The queen and her ladies spent all their time in making garments and sheets for the prince. He slept in linen cambric sheets, and his robes were of stuff so fine that it took fold on fold to keep him half way comfortable. Moreover, he would faint away at the least spot on his raiment, and invariably dressed from top to toe five times a day. So you may suppose it was no small work to keep this very refined youth attired in a princely manner.

Now, the prince had been betrothed in childhood to a princess, a far away cousin of his own, who had been brought up at his father's court. She was a very beautiful maiden, and she could spin and weave as well as the old queen herself, and was everything a young lady should be; but even she was not good enough for his royal highness.

One day the prince came into his mother's work-room, where she sat, with all her ladies about her, working away as hard as they could to make fine linen, for the poor ladies of honor were kept busy from morning till night, and often long after midnight in carding, and spinning, and weaving flax for the prince's clothes. The queen had just taken out of the loom a piece of cambric, in weav-

ing which she had surpassed herself. It was so fine you could hardly see it, and you could draw yards of it through a little gold ring.

"See here," said her majesty, holding a fold of the beautiful stuff over her arm. "Surely, my son, this must be fine enough, even for you. Your cousin spun all the thread, and I wove every inch of it myself."

The prince looked at it and shook his head. Then he laid his hand on his heart and sighed; then he put his other hand on his forehead and groaned.

"I suppose it is as good as you can do," he said ungraciously; "but it does not come up to my standard. Alas! I am *too* refined—*too* superior."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands. The queen began to cry; for she was given to crying, and her feelings were hurt. The princess, whose name was Glenhilda, pushed away her wheel and stood up.

"I will never spin or weave another thread for you as long as I live," she said indignantly. "You ought to marry a woman that could spin spider web. May be she could suit you."

"Glenhilda," said the prince solemnly, "you speak in a very unlady-like manner, and you tear my nerves. But you have, without knowing it, worded for me my ideal. Yes, you have worded for me my ideal. I will marry no one who cannot spin spider web."

And he stalked out of the room.

"I don't know what his father will say," sobbed the queen, and then she scolded Glenhilda.

"Why didn't you soothe him?" asked her majesty reproachfully. "My poor boy! He is so very refined!"

The old king was angry, indeed, when he heard of his son's resolution; but the prince was obstinate, and declared he would marry no woman who could not spin spider web.

"He shall marry you, my dear," said the king to the Princess Glenhilda.

"Indeed, he shall not," said the princess, making a courtesy, "for, my dear uncle, I will not marry him."

As she was as obstinate as the prince, the king had to give way and leave the affair to the management of his wife and son.

The queen caused proclamation to be made that any princess who could spin spider web

would be rewarded with the hand of his royal highness. It was all in vain, however. To the queen's great amazement, and that of the prince, those royal ladies whose alliance would have been most desirable refused even to make the attempt. They had all heard what a fuss the prince made about his clothes, and no beautiful princess could be found who was willing to pass her life at the wheel and loom. A few rather elderly or ugly ladies of exalted rank that did make the trial failed utterly. So, as the prince was determined to marry no one that could not spin spider web, it seemed necessary to lower the standard of rank, and the daughters of the nobility were allowed to compete, and finally those of the lower orders. It was in vain, however. No one could be found in any rank who could spin even a yard of spider web.

The old king scolded and sneezed. The queen was in despair, and the prince, who had set his heart on having a wife that could spin up to his ideal, took to his bed, and spent most of his time in crying and writing poetry, which the queen insisted on reading aloud to the whole court, so that the courtiers nearly died of suppressed yawning.

The doctors said the prince would die if he did not carry out the desire of his heart, and everyone wore the longest and most sorrowful of faces; that is, everyone but the Princess Glenhilda, who remarked that she did not think her cousin would die, so long as he ate so much quail on toast for his breakfast.

However, the prince grew worse daily, and so did his poetry; and, one day, the old king, after a serious remonstrance with his son, which did no good whatever, flung out of the room in a passion, and said to himself, with great derision:

"This thing cannot go on. I shall go and talk to my aunt."

Now, the king's aunt was an old woman, who lived all alone in an old, old castle in an old forest. She was very ancient, and so wise that people said she knew more than she ought to know.

The king drew on his boots and away he went, saying nothing to any one. On the evening of the third day, he came back and lighted at a little pastern door that led into a back entry. Having carefully shut the door behind him, he took out of his pocket a

pill box. He sat it on the floor, turned the cover off very carefully, walked away without looking back, and went to his own apartments, where he heard that the prince was very low indeed, and that the doctors said he could not live another week, if no lady could be found to spin spider web.

II.

THE queen was sitting in her son's darkened room, at her wit's end what to do, when a page, coming in softly, made three profound reverences to her majesty, and as many to the prince.

"Your r'y'l i'n'ss," said the page.

"Oh, my nerves!" moaned the prince.

"Oh, my bride! My lady who can spin spider web! Where are you?"

"Your majesty," said the page, "there is a lady come who says she can spin spider web."

"Bring her here," cried the prince, jumping up.

"Hadm't I better see her first, my love?" said the queen.

"No, no. I feel—I feel she is the one," said the prince wildly.

"Usher the lady in," said the queen.

Away went the page, and presently the gentleman usher flung open the door and announced, "The princess."

In came, gliding swiftly forward, a figure, clothed from head to foot in dark purple velvet. On her head she wore a sort of cap of the same material, and on her small hands were black mits, and on her feet black velvet shoes. Four long purple velvet streamers hung from her dress and floated in the air as she moved forward. Her manner was very dignified; and, though her figure was rather stout, she was slim-waisted, and her movements were swift and graceful. She came part way into the room and stood silent, fixing her great bright eyes on the queen.

"Who are you, madam?" asked the queen; for there was something in the lady that inspired respect.

"The Princess Arachne," said the lady, in a low voice. "I am come to spin spider web, according to your proclamation."

"Who is your father?" asked the queen, beginning to feel a little afraid of the purple velvet lady.

"I haven't the least idea," said the princess coolly. "In our country, we think very little of the man's side of the house. My mother is a queen, and I am her oldest daughter."

The prince impatiently drew back the curtain, and the light fell full on the lady's countenance. She was a dark brunette, and, though not exactly handsome, had a very keen, sensible, intelligent face, and she had large eyes, which shone like diamonds.

"I am sure, madam," said the prince, "that you can spin spider web."

"Of course, I can," said the princess, rather contemptuously. "I always could."

To be short, the princess was conducted to a room where a great deal of cob-web was laid up for those who were to make the trial. She insisted on being left alone for three hours, and, by the end of that time, she had not only produced yards on yards of spider web thread, but had woven it into a cloak that was large enough to cover her from head to foot, and did not weigh half an ounce.

The prince was in raptures. He insisted that the marriage should take place directly. The queen wished to wait a little, but the old king rubbed his hands and laughed, and hurried on the wedding. There was no need to wait for a tousseau. The bride would wear nothing but her purple velvet suit, which always looked quite new and fresh; and as for the bridegroom, the Princess Arachne in a few hours made him a suit of spider web-clothes. When he put them on, the prince could not help feeling that they were very sticky and disagreeable; but they were so fine and delicate that the like was never seen.

The princess would not say anything about her history or family. She said she had complied with the conditions, and that was enough. The queen, who was very jealous of her son's bride, thought there was something strange and mysterious about the new comer; but the old king declared that he knew, from his aunt, that she was all she ought to be, and that he was perfectly satisfied.

The Princess Arachne was very free and friendly with all the court ladies. Her great delight seemed to be in spinning and weaving; but she always shut herself up in her own room to work. She wove a beautiful

set of cob-web lace and pearls for the Princess Glenhilda, who was to be bridesmaid, and many other beautiful things; but no one ever saw her at her wheel; and she produced all her fine work with surprising quickness. She was also very intelligent and sensible.

Many of the ladies, however, felt a little afraid of her. They could hardly tell why. Some of them said that when she sat looking so fixed at them with her strange, bright eyes, eyes on whose color no two persons could agree, she gave them a creepy sensation.

During the few days that elapsed before the wedding, the bride-elect treated the prince with very little ceremony. She refused to listen to his poetry, and told him not to talk to her about his nerves, for she didn't believe in nerves. The prince bore it all as meekly as possible. He was quite fascinated by the princess, queer as she undoubtedly was, and the old king smiled to himself, and was pleased to see that his refined son had met with his mistress.

The wedding took place with great pomp and ceremony. The king's old aunt came to the wedding. She had a few moments' private conversation in the corner with the bride, and when the two separated each lady laughed low to herself.

III.

THE next morning early, the prince woke up, with the feeling that he was being choked. He was wrapped round and round in a huge cob-web, so that he could not move a finger. Over him stood the Princess Arachne. Her eyes were glaring strangely upon him, and her open mouth showed two very ugly-looking fangs, and she had developed four long limbs in addition to the usual allowance, limbs ending in awful claws, and two of these claws were gripping the prince's throat.

"Gracious mercy!" gasped the poor prince. "It is a spider."

"To be sure it is," replied the creature calmly. "Who but a spider did you suppose could spin spider web?"

"You said you were a princess," said the prince.

"So I am; I am a spider princess."

"What are you doing with me?" asked the unhappy prince in a whisper.

"We always eat our husbands," replied the spider lady, in a cool, business-like manner.

"You don't mean it?" said the poor prince, frightened out of his wits.

"Certainly; it has always been the custom of the females of my family. If you live with spiders, you must do as spiders do."

And she looked him over, as if to find a good place for a first bite.

"But," said the poor prince, trying to argue the question, "I am not a spider man, so that the custom of your family is not a precedent."

"Well," said the spider princess, who had a legal, logical sort of mind, "perhaps there is something in that. You object, you say, to being eaten?"

"Yes, indeed," said the poor prince.

"Very well, then," answered the creature, after a moment's consideration. "As you would not be very good, being so lean and scrawny as you are, I will spare you on conditions."

"Name them," said the prince.

"You must wear clothes like other people, and you must leave off having nerves."

"I will," said the prince, "on my honor."

"Good-bye, then," said the spider lady.

"I am going home to spin my web."

And she fastened a thread from her body to the window, dropped from the sill, and disappeared.

They found the prince when he was all but smothered, and freed him from the cob-web with the greatest difficulty. His royal highness honorably kept the conditions. He left off having nerves, dressed like other young men, and, on more than one occasion, he was seen in a flannel shirt. A war broke out that year, and the prince went to the front with his father, distinguished himself, and drove back the enemy. When he came back from his campaign, he wooed, won, and married the Princess Glenhilda, and so far from wishing her to spin spider web, he had taken such an aversion to fine stuff that, if she spun at all, he preferred her to spin tow. The Princess Arachne was never seen again.



FAIRY TALES.

After the painting of Ludwig Vollmar.

KNOWN BY HIS HAT.

A RUSSIAN PEASANT'S ADVENTURE.

BY DAVID KER.

MANY years ago, when Peter the Great was reigning in Moscow, and St. Petersburg was not yet built, a Russian peasant in a tattered sheepskin frock was cutting turf in a lonely spot on one of the great plains of Central Russia. It was a burning summer day, and his work had made him very hot and tired; but one could see, by his downcast face and hanging head, that some great trouble was pressing harder upon him than even this fatiguing labor.

Looking up in one of the pauses of his work, the turf-cutter saw a tall young man coming slowly over the plain to meet him. The new comer wore the green gold-laced uniform of the Palace Guards; but the lace was so faded, and the coat itself so threadbare, that one would have judged this officer to be either a very careless man or a very poor one.

"He looks as if he had lost his way," muttered the peasant, as the stranger halted and glanced doubtfully around him. "I must see if I can't put him right; it's always a comfort, when one's in trouble oneself, to help somebody else out of it."

The young officer, however, did not look like a man who would need much help from any one. He was immensely tall, taller by far than any one whom the peasant had yet seen, and his broad chest and long, sinewy limbs showed signs of enormous strength. His smooth, handsome face wore a rather sad look, and he walked slowly, as if either tired or in deep thought; but there was an air of unconscious power in his upright bearing and in the firm set of his head, as if he felt himself to be a match, and more than a match, for anything that he might meet with. Altogether, he seemed to be the sort of man whom one would much rather have for a friend than for an enemy.

"Hollo, brother!" cried the stranger in a deep, strong voice, "am I far from the village of Volkhoff? I think I must have gone wrong, somehow."

"Your honor has gone wrong, indeed,"

answered the peasant, shaking his head: "it's a long way to Volkhoff from here. You must keep eastward till you come to a big tree standing all by itself, and then you must turn southward as far as a small lake. Then, after that, you'll make a big bend round to the right, and—"

"Oh, I shall never be able to remember all that," said the officer, laughing. "Suppose you come along with me, and show me the way yourself."

"I'd do it gladly, your honor," said the peasant, hesitating; "but, you see, if I lose my day's work, then—"

"You shall lose nothing by helping me, be assured of that," said the young man gravely. "How much do you earn in a day?"

"Twenty kopecks." (Fifteen cents.)

"Twenty kopecks!" echoed the stranger, looking down pityingly at the poor, tired man, quite a dwarf compared with him, who worked so hard for such scanty pay. "Well, here's half a rouble (thirty-seven cents) for you, and now come along. By the bye," he added, "if we pass near your house, you might carry your turf home at the same time."

"It would need two journeys to do that, your honor."

"Two? Why, these four baskets would surely hold it all."

"There's not a man in Russia, your honor, who could carry all four at once when they're full. The two smallest are quite enough for me."

"Not a man in Russia, eh?" said the young officer, scornfully. "We'll try that. Sling those four baskets over my shoulders, and then fill them."

The laborer hesitated, but the young man spoke like one accustomed to be obeyed. As he stooped to receive the baskets, the peasant slung them over his shoulders, two before and two behind, and then piled in the turf till all four were full to the very top. Then it was a grand sight to see the great,

tower-like figure rise slowly to its full height under that enormous load, and stride away so briskly that the amazed peasant had hard work to keep up with him.

A short walk brought them to the wretched hovel that was the poor turf-cutter's only home; and while the latter was emptying his baskets, the stranger's keen eyes were noting the miserable and poverty-stricken look of the whole place. A few kind words, spoken as they started again, went straight to the poor peasant's overburdened heart, and the whole story of his grief came out.

Some years before, he had bought at a high price, from a rich neighbor, a small patch of ground that had proved to be worth hardly anything at all. Moreover, not being able to make up the full purchase money at the time, he had got into debt, and the debt kept growing larger and larger, from the high rate of interest charged upon it, till he was almost driven to despair.

"It don't seem fair, does it?" he concluded; "but what can I do? He's rich, and I'm poor and friendless."

"Can such things be done in Russia?" muttered the officer, in a voice like the roll of distant thunder. "It is, indeed, time for a change!"

His great black eyes lighted up as he spoke, with a flash of such terrible anger that the peasant shrank back in dismay. But the young man cooled again instantly, and asked as quietly as ever:

"Why don't you complain to the czar?"

"The czar?" echoed the laborer; "hasn't he changed our old Russian customs, and brought in foreigners to work for him, in-

stead of his own people? What would he care for a poor peasant?"

"It's worth trying, though," said the young man, earnestly; "for yours is really a very hard case. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'm going to Volkhoff to meet the czar and his officers, who will be there to-day; and I can get you a chance of speaking to him, for I belong to his body-guard."

"Me speak to the czar?"

"Why not? He's only a man, like you and me. I've spoken to him myself, and I'm none the worse."

"But how shall I know him among all his officers?"

"All the rest will have their hats off, but the czar will keep his on."

Half an hour later, just as they came in sight of Volkhoff, a group of richly-dressed horsemen rode up, who, the moment they saw the tall officer, sprang from their horses and took off their hats.

The peasant's sun-burned face turned white as a sheet, and he glanced with a bewildered air from the officers to his tall companion, whose face wore a queer, waggish smile.

"Well, brother," he added, "have you found out the czar yet?"

"Well," said the peasant, staring as if his eyes would start from his head, "it must be either you or I, for all the rest have their hats off!"

"So it seems," laughed Peter the Great. "Well, my lad, Prince Mentshikoff here will see you righted, and the rascal who cheated you punished as he deserves; and I hope you will never again think the czar unmindful of the troubles of his people."

FLORAL FLY CATCHERS.

BY J. C. SEYMOUR.

THERE is a flower that grows in the thick jungles of the tropics that measures nine feet around and three feet across. It was first discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles. The chief business of this great flower is to deceive the flies. Its color is precisely the same as raw meat, and its smell like decayed flesh. It is not surprising that meat flies go there in great numbers to feast upon what they surely think is putrid meat.

Full of confidence, the flies settle in the great flower cup and deposit their eggs, thinking how well their future little ones will be provided for. But when the young grubs are hatched, there is no food for them to eat, and they perish miserably. That which their mothers thought was decayed meat turns out to be all sham.

There is a peculiar little English flower that has been sketched by artists, noticed by poets, and talked of by scientists. It is

called sundew, and its chief occupation is to lure flies to their destruction. Its leaf is round and flat, and, to attract flies, it throws out a number of small red glands having nobs on the end, which are covered with a substance that looks like fine honey. But, when a hapless fly settles upon it, instead of enjoying a delicious feast, the gum clogs his feet, his legs, and his wings. The leaf closes over the victim, slowly but surely crushing him by folding inwardly toward the center. Then the leaf pours forth a vegetable juice that dissolves and distributes him among its numerous clutching suckers.

But the Indian pitcher plants have a different way of securing their prey. Some of them have a pitcher resembling a modern hot water jug, containing about a quart of of stupefying liquid. A fly attracted by the bright color of the flower, crawls down the sticky sides of the jug and drinks, until, losing control of himself, he falls into a pit prepared for him beneath. A slimy juice then flows over the body of the victim and dissolves it. By this means, the plant is nourished.

A species of pitcher plant grows in Cali-

fornia. Its pitcher is covered with a hood and lid. The inside of the hood is furnished with short hairs, all pointing inward. It is an effective device for ensnaring insects; for whatever goes in can never get out again. The hairs prevent all way of escape, and the victims fall into a fluid that melts and digests them.

The pitchers of this flower are often found half filled with insects of many kinds. The Californians use the pitcher plant in their houses as fly catchers.

Another flower, called Venus' fly-trap, has a curious contrivance for ensnaring its victims. The end of the leaf is divided in two by the midrib, which acts as a hinge. Upon each half of the leaf are from three to five hairs of a highly sensitive nature.

Now, when a fly has the misfortune to touch one of these hairs, the two halves of the leaf come together, thus making a prisoner of the visitor. To make matters more secure, the outer edges are formed of prickly teeth, which fit in between one another when the leaf shuts. The plant then sucks up the juices of the victim, after which the trap is again set.

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE bats from dusky doorways fly,
The grass is spread with gossamer,
The mist comes creeping up the lane,
The drooping poplars scarcely stir,
And grandma puts her wheel away;
For this is blind man's holiday.

The baby closes his light blue eyes,
And off to rosy dreamland goes;
And you would never find awake
Within the hedge-rows one pink rose;
Only the shadows are astray;
For this is blind man's holiday.

The lamps are waiting to be lit,
The bright moon stays behind the hill,
The household rests within the dusk,
The fire is low, the house is still,
The world is all in sober gray;
For this is blind man's holiday.

The owl comes blinking from the wood,
And sits upon the old barn eaves;
The dew about the lawn doth creep,
And leaves its jewels on the leaves.
"Good night, good night!" the robins say;
For this is blind man's holiday.

The crickets, with their tuneful bows,
Pipe shrilly to the drowsy hour;
Then suddenly, within the sky,
The full moon bursts its golden flower;
The kettle sings, the lamps are gay,
Over this blind man's holiday.



THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

BY MRS. HELEN HOOKER.

MANY mourning bonnets have the crape of which they are made put over the frames perfectly plain. They are made either in capote or simple cottage shape. Other styles have the crown only of plain crape, and the brim laid in pleats or folds, and finished with a coronet or simple edge of dead jet beads. The strings to these bonnets should be of gros grain ribbon about two inches wide.

Physicians insist that long crape veils, worn over the face are injurious, both to the eyes and to the general health. For this reason, veils of fine nun's veiling are much worn. When crape is worn over the face, a little veil of Brussels net should also be worn. When the veil is no longer worn, more dressy little touches are added to the plain bonnet. Sometimes this trimming consists of full rosettes of feather-edged ribbon with leaves or wings of dull jet. Henrietta cloth, nun's veiling, drap d'Alma, and imperial serge are all proper for first mourning gowns.

Tailor gowns are made of cheviots, home-spuns and canvas cloth. In silk, there is a preference for those without luster. China crape, combined with crape, sewing silk grenadines, and India silks are suitable for more dressy summer mourning. Whatever fabric is chosen, there is no economy in buying cheap black gowns, as the dyes soon fade, and any mixture of cotton and wool soon becomes rusty. So unbecoming and unwholesome have black crape and lisse pleatings been found, that now most fashionable women wear white cr pe lisse, or narrow folds of white crape mixed with one or two folds of black.

Lovers of the picturesque in dress may almost envy young girls and miss these quaint peasant dresses that are the mode for them. Round, full skirts and short waists are so becoming to all youthful figures, whether thin or round, that they are especially popular. Many of the waists are made with a very deep yoke and a short, very full waist, gathered to the yoke, and at the lower edge gathered into a belt, which is fastened to the skirt of the dress. The yoke may be made plain of the material of the dress, or of all over embroidery, or tucked. The little skirt may be made to match the yoke, by using a flouncing width of embroidery, or it may have a deep hem and cluster of tucks to match the tucked yoke. Frequently a sash is added, which passes around the waist and is tied in an immense bow at the back. The ends of the sash should also be embroidered or tucked.

Another pretty fashion is to make a waist of white nainsook cut high and fastened behind. Trim the upper part of the waist to look like a tucked or embroidered yoke. Secure it at the belt by a tape run in a casing. Make the sleeves long, with a little fullness where they are set into the waist, and also at the wrist. Finish it with a cuff of embroidery that is turned back on the sleeve. The waists of the dresses worn over this white waist are to be cut low, and the dress skirts made very full.

One style of low-necked waist has a deep yoke, cut low, with straps across the shoulder, and a very full skirt, sewed to a narrow belt. Another style has a round waist, cut out V-shape nearly to the belt in front, and finished with revers of embroidery or velvet

each side of the V. The sides of the V are sometimes held together by making eyelet holes each side and lacing across, either with a narrow ribbon or a silk cord. This style of dress is suitable for a girl from three to eleven years, and is pretty in chambré, gingham, piqué, fine wool or silk. Many mothers with the best sense and most abundant means have nearly all the summer wardrobe of their little girls of wash materials, with the exception of perhaps two or three fine cashmere, challi, or inexpensive silk frocks.

The fashion (by no means a new one) of wearing a bodice different from the skirts of the dress seems more popular than ever. Velvets and satin, silk and sateen, silk and wool or velvet, lace and satin, and various other fabrics, in plain, stripe, and figured, are seen in combination. This fashion, of course, affords great variety to the toilet, with even a limited number of gowns; but great care and good taste must be exercised in regard to the colors worn in combination.

Ribbons are used in profusion on hats, bonnets, dresses, and wraps. They are arranged in countless different ways, in cockades, large bows, butterflies, and aigrettes, with long ends, short ends, and fringed ends. Velvet ribbon is especially liked, and is used to trim every style of dress from satin to muslin. The old-fashioned scarf of muslin or mull is to be worn again. These scarfs are about a yard and a quarter long and a quarter of a yard wide. They should be trimmed with good lace at the ends and tied in long loops. Very long scarfs of Spanish lace are also worn again.

Charming little mantles for cool days in summer are brought out in a great variety of styles. Some of them, those for young ladies in particular, are very short in the back and front. Others have long scarf-like

fronts that reach to the foot of the dress. The materials used for dressy summer mantles are colored velvet, silk grenadine, Spanish net, velvet brocaded etamine, and beaded grenadines, either in black or in a color to match or harmonize with the dress. Some pretty mantles are simply edged with beads to match the color of the wraps; others are covered with rich passementeries of iridescent beads and lace corresponding in color. For traveling and dust cloaks, there are long pelisses and circulars, made of dark blue or gray serge, camel's hair, and alpaca. The hood and cloak are lined with surah.

Grenadine dresses are no longer made heavy and warm, with a lining of gros grain silk. Instead, they are made up over a good quality of surah lining silk, costing fifty or sixty cents a yard. The laces used for trimming silks and grenadines are Spanish guipure, French lace (which is a beautiful imitation of thread) and escorial. For grenadine dresses a preference is given to the French lace.

A favorite bonnet seems to be one made of large cut jet beads strung on wire and mounted in a diamond pattern. Such a bonnet is worn either with or without a lining; it is trimmed with a large bow and strings of colored ribbon. Beautiful fine white straws may also be found, and these divide favor with the little capote made of embroidered crape or gauze for the best bonnet.

Round hats made of lace and trimmed with ribbon are one of the summer novelties. Misses and little girls wear straw hats with very large crowns and wide rims. They are trimmed with huge high bows of ribbon or crape, and some of the children's more dressy hats are loaded with flowers.

PROPER WORK AND RECREATION FOR OUR CHILDREN.

BY LOUISE A. CHAPMAN.

CHILDREN love to work. From the time the baby can trot alone, he busies himself, traveling miles in a day, all over the house. Is it any wonder, when we consider what busy, active parents he has? The so-called mischief of many children under

three years of age is nothing but *busy-ness*. After the baby becomes the child, and can do eagerly the little tasks set for him, he loses that element of mischief which has kept mamma so anxious and watchful. How often you are teased by baby lips "for

sumfin to do"—not play. A regular duty, never so slight, employs a child, for a while, much better than the most fascinating game. The grandmas recognize this fact, and got their long seams sewed by patient little fingers, bedewed with tears and needle pricks of blood.

I do not think the present generation of girls is likely to be as good seamstresses as the past, and the fault is our own. We are not doing our duty in regard to teaching our daughters the niceties of sewing, as our mothers taught us. In these days of sewing machines and ready-made clothing, mamma had much rather do the work than keep the child in doors to learn; but the newly-made wives of to-day are guiltless of any practical knowledge of the domestic arts, with the few exceptions reached by the prevalent spirit of reform in these matters.

As a present consequence, children are growing up indolent about all work and study. A manager in a large retail dry goods store in Boston told me that the cash boys were the more so. There is a spirit of rivalry among the cash girls, as to who shall "run cash" oftenest in a day. In the opposite sex, the best fellow is he that can shirk most.

This brings me to another point I wish to touch upon. The allowance of pocket-money, or, better still, the chance to earn it. Let the boys black papa's boots, or chop the kindling wood, shovel snow, tidy the cellar, or help in the care of the furnace, thus relieving one woman's back; for our cooks are women, who are as subject to back-ache as their mistresses.

Indeed, there are many ways by which an enterprising boy can earn dollars. The masculine instinct is strong in him, even in this age. But it is harder to find ways for the girls to earn their trifling stipend, unless mamma devises schemes, and most often she prefers skilled labor at higher wages. A little dusting, bureau drawers cleaned out weekly, closets righted, help in caring for baby on nurse's day out or other busy occasions, errands; in fact, *any work well done* deserves its pay.

But, you may say, our children do little enough for us, as it is. Must we pay them for such trifles of work? Certainly not, if you prefer to pay them for idleness; for it is your duty to allow your children *some* spend-

ing money, never very much, but according to your means. By so doing, you preserve their probity, for many a generous-hearted child has preferred to pilfer from his parents' purses, or to obtain goods on credit, rather than be thought stingy. Better let them earn the right to be liberal than to bring our girls up to "expect papa to pay them for looking prettily, or for simply being girls," as Marion Harland says in "Eve's Daughters," which book is my household oracle, and ought to be in every mother's library.

As regards recreations, from a purely scientific standpoint, I must speak. Our sports are growing to be more disastrous and fatal to health than our labors. Count the accidents and sudden deaths from this cause. The apple tree limb, the bicycle, the boating, fishing, and base ball clubs in summer, the double runner and the skating pond in winter, slay their hundred where legitimate work over-taxes its ten.

Two mothers have said to me within a short time, that their fourteen-year-old boys play so hard that they toss, moan, and groan all night. My own eldest son comes in from his play so tired and wet with perspiration that he rides night horses and coughs all night, on those occasions when I do not limit his sports and see that he is rested and cool before tea time.

Can't we show these little folks that the same energy directed in different channels would insure success in any business fitted to their abilities? I firmly believe that much of the benefit of out-door exercise is frustrated by the over-exertion. There are three cases of serious injury to young men in our cities, caused by over-exertion in the gymnasium. I know of three women who must go crippled through life from the same abuse. One mother, who is deformed by spinal curvature, often declares that her daughters shall never learn to skate; and another young wife laments being rendered forever childless by a fall on the ice in her seventeenth winter. Consider the dangers of a sudden fall for a woman, and choose your daughters' recreations.

I have read much against the jump-rope of our childhood, now fortunately forbidden by prudent, thinking mothers. It is a fact that the frequent concussion of the knee and hip joints causes a serious and usually incurable disease of the bone, besides the bad

effects on the heart and at the base of the brain.

On the other hand, I have never known, among the same class of children, a case where over-work or over-study had injured a child. Physically and morally, every child is benefited by proper employment.

The two best boys I know have earned their own clothes ever since they were ten years old. In one case, it is absolutely necessary. The boy began by helping a neighbor wash his milk cans and care for his horse. He grew at twelve to relieve the man of part of the milk route, and, at fourteen, he now earns six dollars a week between and after school, ranks first in his classes, is truthful, gentle, obedient in spirit, and a full-grown, perfect man, bodily.

In the other and less necessary case, but largely influenced by a spirit of parsimony in the family, the boy was physically weak, a book-worm, and inclined to over-study. His father bargained with him, if he would tend furnace and shovel paths, so that no man need be employed in winter, and assist

in the garden in summer, he should receive a proportion of man's wages, provided (mark the proviso) he would buy his own boots. Sometimes the fact that he had to wear cheap shoe-leather, rather than run in debt, kept him shabby, but he learned how to buy better in time. He has no time for Satan's work. My children think it is "awfully mean"; but it is making a man of the boy. It does him good to walk two miles to high school to save his fare. His health is improved, and he bids fair to be a more successful man, monetarily, than his father, with the one risk of making him value money too highly, and in that he will be one of a numerous constituency.

Let the children, then, earn and spend, within limits, their own money, particularly the girls. In our sex, the business element has been restricted and uncultivated for so many generations that we enter life handicapped, and are sure of shipwreck in business venture. All play and no work makes Jack and Gill, too, a spendthrift of time and a loafer, in spirit, throughout life.

A TALK ABOUT EGGS.

BY MRS. H. G. HENRY.

A HEN'S egg, well cooked and daintily served, makes a dish fit for a king. Consisting, as it does, chiefly of albumen (that most important, strength-giving element in animal food), it not only pleases the palate, but nourishes the body at small cost to the digestive power. This being the case, the housekeeper, new to kitchen sights and sounds, may not despise a little talk about them.

The eggs selected for cooking must be perfectly fresh. If you are in doubt about their freshness, test them by placing them in a brine made of ten ounces of water and one ounce of salt. When put in the brine, good eggs will sink, and the bad ones will float. The best way to keep eggs for use in winter is to cover them with fresh lard, or with beeswax dissolved in warm olive oil. If the oil is used, take one part beeswax and two parts oil. Eggs with light-colored shells have usually the lightest-colored yolk, and are, therefore, best to use for omelets, baking, and poaching. Darker-colored eggs

make nice-looking custards and yellow sponge cake.

The simplest way to cook eggs is to boil them in the shell. Select the largest and wash them carefully. Pour into a kettle as much hot, not quite boiling, water as will cover them. Take a large spoon or skimmer and lay the eggs gently in the bottom of the kettle. If dropped in with the hand, the shells will crack and water will mix with the egg. After placing the egg in the kettle, allow the water to boil. In exactly three minutes and a half, take the eggs from the water, if you like them soft boiled. Four minutes and a half will make the white firm and set the yolk. If hard boiled eggs are desired, allow them to boil twenty-five minutes. If boiled a shorter time, they will be tough and leather-like. A longer boil will make them mealy and digestible.

Poached or dropped eggs are very nice for breakfast or tea, and look nicer than when cooked in the shell. Fill a deep sauce-pan with plenty of boiling water, slightly salted.

Select the eggs and break carefully, one at a time, in a cup. Pour into the boiling water, and dip the water over them with a spoon, until the white hardens. Take from the water with a perforated skimmer and place on a hot platter. Sprinkle with a little pepper, and, if it is at hand, garnish with parsley.

A nice omelet seems a very simple thing; yet experience proves that there is quite an art in the making of one. Do not try a very large one at first, as it is more difficult to handle. One of three or four eggs is the best size for a beginner. Beat the yolks and whites separately until they both come to a froth. Add one table-spoonful of milk or cream for each egg to the yolks. Then add the whites and beat again. Have the omelet pan hot and dry. Put into it just enough fresh lard or butter to keep the omelet from sticking. Be careful not to burn the butter,

or it will spoil the color of the omelet. When the pan is ready, beat once again, and pour the preparation into it. As soon as the omelet sets take the pan from the hottest part of the fire and carefully slip a knife under it, to keep it from sticking. When the center is set, slip a knife carefully and quickly under one-half of the omelet and fold it over the other. Add a little salt just before folding. If the salt is added before, it will make the omelet tough and keep it from rising. Be very careful not to break the omelet when dishing it.

Many different omelets may be made by adding different flavors to the above recipe. A table-spoonful of grated cheese added to the egg and a little grated over the outside is relished by some people. A tempting dessert may be made by adding sugar to the omelet, and placing a layer of jam or preserves on half of it before folding.

THE COUNTESS OF CHAMBORD.

BY MISS E. A. GREEN.

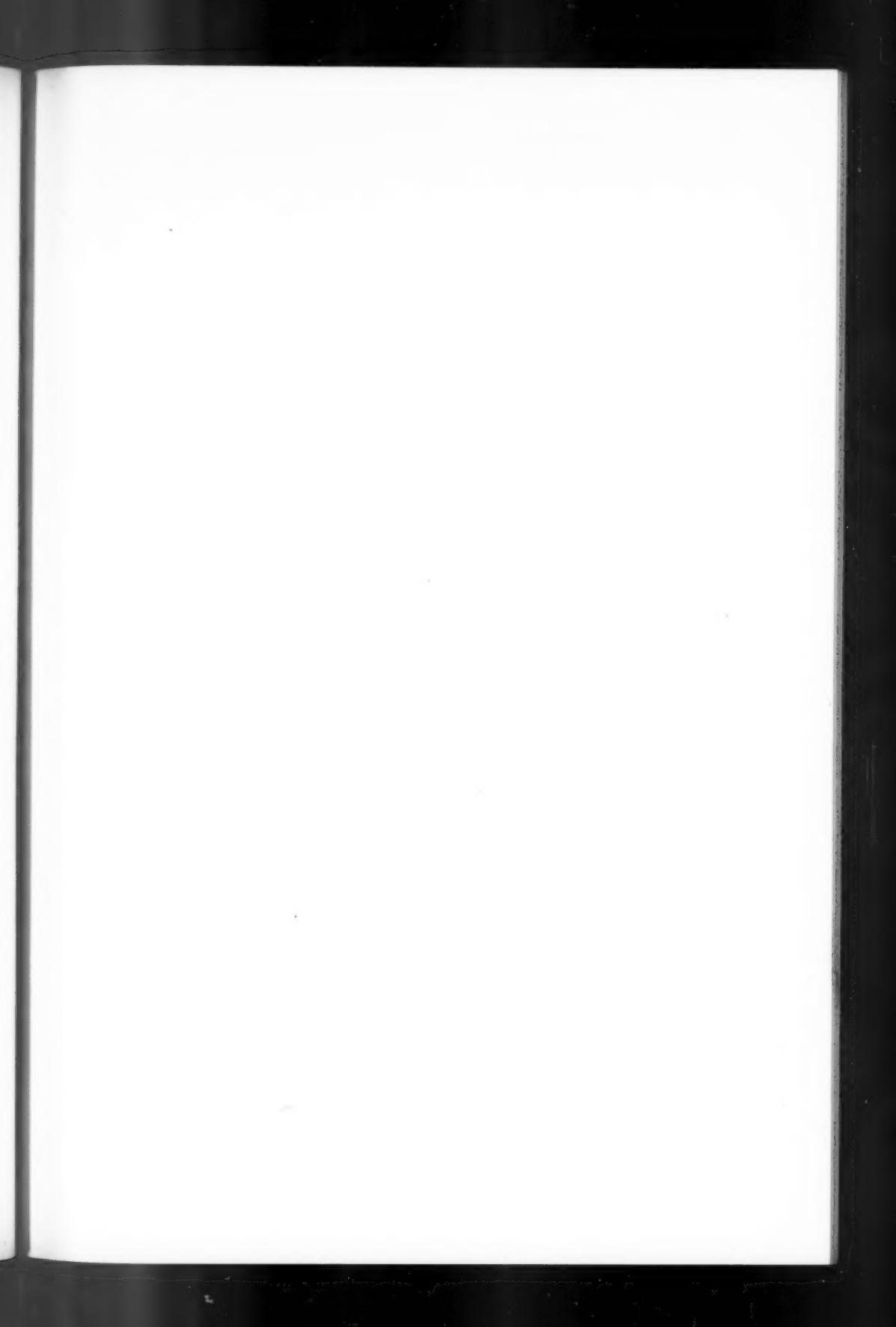
THE recent death of the Countess of Chambord, the wife of the Count of Chambord, a Bourbon prince, who claimed the throne of France, recalls some interesting features of her character and striking facts of her life. She was a daughter of the Duke of Modena. She was a masculine-looking woman, with a disfigured cheek and lip; so it was not on account of her personal attractions that she became the wife of the Count of Chambord. He had fallen in love with her handsome sister, Beatrice, who became the wife of a Spanish Bourbon prince; but she had immense wealth, which was of more importance to him than beauty, since it would assist him materially in regaining the throne of France. The match between her and the count was arranged by Mary Anne, the Empress of Austria.

Although the marriage was one destitute of love, it was not one destitute of romance. While the bride was on her way from Modena to Bruck, in Styria, she was assailed by brigands that the French king, Louis Philippe, of Orleans, who belonged to the younger branch of the Bourbon family, had sent to prevent his rival from getting a rich wife. But the count, who had started out, *incognito*, to meet her, rescued her from these

villains. He bore her away in triumph, and in a Lady chapel near by, he made her his wife.

Singular as it may seem, the match was a happy one. The count made a chivalrous and devoted husband. She was a sympathetic companion, and, as she loved him from the first, she was devotedly attached to him, and did all in her power to restore him to the throne that she believed to be his. She was constantly plotting against the Orleanist princes, and freely expended of her fortune to promote the cause of her husband.

She was possessed of a deeply religious nature. She was also very benevolent, and founded many institutions of charity and learning. No children were ever born to her. When her husband died, the elder branch of the Bourbon family became extinct. There remains no one now, except the Bonapartists, to dispute with the Orleanist princes their claims to the throne of France. The head of the younger branch of this family is the Count of Paris. He lives in France, but is making no such efforts as were made by the Count of Chambord to obtain the French crown.





ROMEO AND JULIET.
After the painting of G. Vermehren.